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Lamb and Hazlitt

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The long and close friendship between Lamb and Hazlitt, and the nature of some of these new additions to our stores, have led to the adoption of a plan, by which the whole of the matter hereinafter given is, as far as possible, arranged in chronological order, and although the material placed at my disposal by Mr. Yates comprises letters hitherto inaccurately and imperfectly printed by all the editors, it was thought advisable, on the whole, to limit the present undertaking to what I believe to be unpublished compositions, with a connecting explanatory gloss. The little volume may be treated as a sequel and companion to Messrs. Bell & Sons' edition of the *Letters*, 1886, and the book edited by me in 1897 under the title of *The Lambs* The remainder of the matter must be held over till a really final edition—at present impracticable from the want of certain important *desiderata* known to exist—of such of Lamb's writings as may be judged worth perpetuation, is undertaken.

I shall in a prefatory way endeavour to point

out the change and progress which only a year or two have accomplished in reference to a subject on which the discoveries appear to be almost as inexhaustible as the public interest.

I. Charles Lamb.

Lamb's Family, the Brutons, Fields, and Gladmans.

Lamb preserved his acquaintance with the Brutons of Wheathampstead down at least to 1823, when we find a letter of thanks addressed to Farmer Bruton and his wife for the present of a sucking-pig. But the writer had spoken of Mrs. Bruton in a letter of 1819 to Manning, who also knew the family.

Under date of December 30th, 1898, Mr. D. Yeo Bruton writes to me:—

"Have you, may I ask, at any time met with any information showing Charles Lamb's connection with the Hertfordshire Brutons? I imagine they were an old yeoman family, who settled in Hertfordshire about 1690. *On Mackery End* is one of his most personal essays, where he avows his connection with the Bruton family, and their connection with the Fields and the

Gladmans, who were certainly among the oldest and most respectable families in the County. One is almost tempted to think that the essay upon Mackery End might very well be annotated into a small volume. There are still descendants of the Mackery End Brutons living in the immediate neighbourhood, and if the Fields and Gladmans were also included, I should say the whole district of Wheathampstead, Harpenden, and St. Albans, is all alive with them."

Mr. Bruton farther informed me that his family came from Lincolnshire, that Mr. Field, Lamb's grandfather on the maternal side, married a Miss Bruton, and that a descendant was not long since residing at Lea Bridge Farm, near Mackery End.

John Lamb the Elder.

Since *The Lambs* appeared, two or three copies of the 4to. volume of Poems printed by John Lamb the elder have come to light. One (a very bad one) is in the British Museum. The title is: "Poetical Pieces on several Occasions. [Quotation from Pope.] Printed for P. Shatwell. Without date. 4to., pp. 76 + iv. The

sole interest of the book is biographical and indirect, as the productions themselves are of no literary significance. They may be considered the prototype of the *Poetry for Children, Prince Dorus, &c.*

Mr. Samuel Salt, M.P., the Bencher of the Inner Temple, to whom Lamb's father stood in the relation of servant, was the son of the Rev. John Salt, of Audley, Staffordshire. He was admitted as a Student at the Middle Temple in 1741, removed to the Inner in 1745, and at least as early as the succeeding year rented the premises, of which No. 2, Crown Office Row, formed part. John Lamb and his wife, and their three children, resided there with him. Mr. Salt was called in 1753, was Reader in 1787, and Treasurer of his Inn in 1788. He was also a Governor of the South Sea Company, and thus the Lambs enjoyed the advantage of a double influence in that quarter, Mr. Thomas Coventry, of the Inner Temple, being also on the Board. Salt is almost certainly the same person who is mentioned by J. T. Smith

in his *Book for a Rainy Day*. The author states that Mr. Salt was introduced to him in 1785 at Tottenham, and that he spoke to him of himself as one of the four who contributed to bury Sterne. The Bencher died in Crown Office Row, July 27, 1792, and was buried in the Temple Church. In 1793, his library was sold by auction; it is the collection of books to which Lamb himself hints at having obtained access, and which may have inspired the father with his touches of literary taste. Further particulars of Salt may be found in *Notes and Queries*, August 4, 1888.

But we seem as if we had yet to ascertain where and how Mr. Salt and his attendant first became acquainted, and when the latter originally migrated from Lincoln or Stamford to the metropolis. He must have been born about 1725.

John Lamb the Younger.

The conjectures as to the existence and identity of the pamphlet written and printed by

John Lamb the younger have at last been set at rest by the discovery of a copy in a volume of tracts on sale by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co., of New York, in 1898-9. Readers of the Lamb Letters will call to mind that the author of *Elia*, in a letter to Crabb Robinson of 1810, speaks of his relative's book about humanity as then out, and forwards Robinson a copy; but the difficulty was, that no clue was obtainable to the production, which was anonymous. The collection of pamphlets above mentioned, however, contains a list of the contents in Lamb's own hand, and although he has for some unknown reason scored out this and another item, the particulars are decipherable, and the riddle is solved. The title is: "A Letter to the Right Hon. William Windham, on his Opposition to Lord Erskine's Bill, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." London, 1810, 8vo., pp. 38.

The second piece which Lamb sought to disguise was the "Confessions of a Drunkard," by himself.

Charles Lloyd and his Family.

Apropos of the new volume, giving for the first time in a collective form the letters of Lamb to Robert Lloyd, there is much that is new about the latter family, and Lamb's communications to Robert must take high rank among the correspondence in any ultimate edition. But the book adds comparatively little to our knowledge of Charles Lloyd—the more interesting member of this house. The letters to Robert, however, are a treasure for ever. What young man of three and twenty could write such nowadays? In the *New Dublin Review* for March, 1898, there is the following passage:—

"In 1797 Coleridge and his wife, 'honest, simple, lively-minded woman that she was,' had settled down at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, to a life of Arcadian simplicity. Here, though the rent was but a poor seven or eight pounds a year, the poet had for some time unsuccessfully carried on a desultory warfare with two leagued giants, 'Bread and Cheese.' Towards the close of the year his anxieties were lessened, so far as the giants were concerned, by taking into his

family, as a boarder, Charles Lloyd, a kindly and intellectual youth, with a nice taste for literature, but a sufferer from the terrible disease of epilepsy. Poor Lloyd's 'fantastic wantonness of woe' must at times have acted adversely upon Coleridge's own phases of gloom; but, upon the whole, the young married couple and their visitor had many things to make them happy.

"There was a comfortable bed-room and sitting-room for C. Lloyd, another for themselves, a servant's room, a kitchen and an outhouse."

This is the arrangement to which Coleridge refers in his verses, "To a Friend, On his proposing to domesticate with the Author."

My late brother's old and intimate friend, Arthur Lloyd, son of James Farmer Lloyd, and grandson of Charles, tells me that he heard his father speak of the last time he saw Lamb, and it was at a bookstall in Copthall Court about 1825. The same gentleman also gave me an account of a convivial meeting—possibly at Alsager's—where Coleridge and Wordsworth (the latter then in the Revenue Department),

and a gentleman high up at Somerset House, were present. Wordsworth was very reserved toward the latter; and then the official grandee began to put questions to the poet on critical matters, as to what he thought of Milton, &c., while Lamb persisted in interrupting with

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> My man John
> Went to bed with his breeches on—"

and other nonsense, till one of the party coaxed him away. This irrepressible hilarity and these high animal spirits were characteristic of his earlier life. It was while Lamb was in his rooms at Mitre Court Buildings that he insisted one evening, when Coleridge was there, on carrying the latter upstairs, and then on Coleridge carrying him down again. The anecdote was related to me by Mr. George Daniel of Canonbury.

The Pipe and the Glass.

Lamb's propensity for wandering beyond the line of prudence in drinking and smoking is a

point which has divided his biographers. In one of his earlier letters he alludes with regret to the intemperate habits of a friend, at whose house he visited. "It is a blemish," says he, "in the greatest characters." But there is a disposition to think that a very small amount of stimulant upset him. So far as smoking is concerned, we know that he gave it up about the time that "Mr. H." failed, and imagined that he should get on better without it. "A smoky man must write smoky farces." But he returned to the practice as vehemently as ever. I have heard my father say that he used strong Orinoco tobacco. His Ode on the subject was written about 1805, as I judge from a letter to Manning of February 24th that year; in one to Hazlitt of the ensuing year he speaks of having had ten pipes overnight, and signs himself *yours Fumosissimus.*

We can hardly fancy Lamb, "when he was a Rechabite of six years old," drinking water from the pump in Hare Court. The court possessed three trees and this pump; and Lamb's room,

when he subsequently lived in Inner Temple Lane, overlooked it.

As regards the delicate and rather shirked question of intemperance in drinking among our more immediate forefathers, one rises from a study of the Club and Coffee-house life of the last century and the opening years of the present with an inclination to view that question in another and more lenient light. During their earlier life, Lamb and the two Hazlitts (John and William) were in the midst of a society which still preserved the old toping traditions; and the modern domestic hospitality, only modified by a more refined and limited use of the Club, had yet to come. Probably Lamb and Hazlitt, so far from drinking more than others, drank much less, if merely for the reason that in both instances a slight amount went a long way. Lamb adhered to his porter and weak diluted gin to the last; his friend during many years partook exclusively of water and tea. The decline of coffee-house, and of the original

type of club, life, may be ascribed to the changes in our social habits. Convivial institutions, which necessitate attendance at stated hours, have almost ceased to be in harmony with our average habits.

Lamb's Library.

In *Mary and Charles Lamb*, 1874, and in *The Lambs*, 1897, a strong attempt was made to reconstruct the bookshelves of Lamb and their contents, as they stood in the lifetime of the owner, saving only a number of presentation copies of contemporary literature, some of which he did not retain, but gave or even threw away. Since 1897, however, a few additions, which I proceed to enumerate, have occurred to me:—

Bistonio (Tigrinio), Gli Elogi del Porco Capitoli Berneschi. In 7-line stanzas. 4to., Modena, 1761.

*** Mentioned by me in 1874 as the original of the *Dissertation on Roast Pig*: I was not, however, aware that Lamb actually possessed the book. But a writer in *Notes and Queries*, October 5, 1878, points out a prototype in the *Turkish Spy*

Tracts. A volume in 8vo., containing:

Antonio: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By W. Godwin. 1800.

Confessions of a Drunkard. By C. Lamb. From the *Philanthropic Magazine*. Reprinted in 1814 by Basil Montagu as part of another volume, again in the *London Magazine* for 1822, and eventually in *Elia*.

Recollections of Christ's Hospital. By C. Lamb. From *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1813, and Supplement.

*** See *infrâ*.

Remorse: a Tragedy. By S. T. Coleridge. Third Edition. 1813.

Antiquity: a Farce in Two Acts. By Barron Field. 1808.

Speech of the Right Hon. W. Windham in the House of Commons, June 13th, 1809, on Lord Erskine's Bill for the more effectual prevention of cruelty towards animals. 1810.

A Letter to the Right Hon. William Windham. [By John Lamb, Charles's brother.] 1810.

*** An answer to the preceding.

Ramsay (Allan), Christ's Kirk on the Green, 1718; The Scribblers Lashed, 1718; The Morn-

ing Interview, 1719; Content, 1719; Scots Songs, 1719; and The Prospect of Plenty, 1720. In a vol., 8vo., from the libraries of Dr. Farmer and J. M. Gutch, and with a MS. note by Lamb on back of title.

Robinson (Robert), Miscellaneous Works. 8vo. 1807. 4 vols.

Shakespear (W.), Hamlet, 1603. Reprinted, 8vo., 1825. Given in 1829 to the Rev. John Mitford. See letter to Barton of March 25th. 1829.

Blake (William), A Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures painted by himself. 12mo. 1809.

Coleridge (S. T.), Christabel, a Transcript by Sarah Stoddart, afterward Mrs. Hazlitt, and other MS. matter by Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt (rough memoranda, culinary receipts, &c.). 8vo.

*** This volume has been in the hands of C. Lamb, his sister, W. Hazlitt, and John Payne Collier. Inside the cover is the bookplate of S. Stoddart, St. Ann's Street, Sarum. It has lately gone to America.

The Lamb Correspondence.

There is little doubt that the Lamb correspondence, extensive as it has gradually shown

itself to have been, has suffered more or less from the ravages of carelessness or neglect. Within the covers of the *Elogi del Porco*, by Bistonio, 1761, mentioned above, occurs, in the copy said to have been Lamb's, a small fragment of a note to some one, including the signature of the essayist. It was during a long period a not unfrequent practice on the part of autograph-hunters to cut off the subscription and cast away the rest.

The correspondence with the Norris family, printed in *The Lambs*, 1897, and formerly in the possession of Mrs. Arthur Ineen, one of Norris's daughters, who died in 1891, was an unexpected and welcome accession. It appears from a communication to *Notes and Queries*, August 26, 1893, that the address given by Miss Lamb is identifiable with No. 4, York Cottages, near the Priory Bridge, where, in 1825, Mrs. Gibbs advertized one sitting-room and three bed-rooms to let. Not far off, a Mr. Hogsflesh had a large lodging-house. Could Lamb have heard of him in earlier years?

The Barton Letters, by the generosity of the late Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald (Lucy Barton), are now deposited in the British Museum (Add. MS. 35256). They have been preserved with the most religious care; but the series is unfortunately not quite complete, as the masterly and beautiful letter to Barton of 1822 on William Blake, first printed entire by myself in 1886, appears to have gone astray.

The unexpected and fortunate restoration of a parcel of autograph and other MSS. papers to our family in 1898 adds, so far as Lamb is concerned, a letter to Hazlitt, two to Joseph Hume, and one to W. Hazlitt the younger. The *Epistemon* of a letter to Hazlitt himself (1810) appears to have been a name borrowed from Rabelais, as the *Menenius* introduced into the paper "On Persons one would have wished to have seen" is taken from Shakespear's *Coriolanus*, ii., 1.

The courtesy of Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co., of New York, has enabled me to supply an

inedited note to Allan Cunningham—the sole relic of the kind; and Mr. Way, of Chicago, kindly furnished me with a transcript of a second one to Harley the comedian, which, however, is printed in my 1886 edition of the Correspondence.

A remote correspondent was to have forwarded to me an inedited letter from Lamb to Miss Fanny Kelly, the actress—apparently the only one known—but it has not arrived in time for publication. It was described to me, rather tantalizingly, as "full of puns and humour." Fanny (Frances Maria) Kelly had a sister Lydia.

There is a letter, not in the editions, to John Scott, belonging to 1814, in Hill's *Talks on Autographs*; but being in type, I merely make a note of it here.

There are no ascertained or even rumoured letters to the Burneys. Admiral Burney was Southey's *Capitaneus*. Referring to a statement in *The Lambs* relative to Miss Burney, Mrs. Foss writes to me as follows. I give the ladv's

letter entire, because it supplies a few other points of interest:—

The Priory,
Totteridge,
Herts.
January 6th, 1897.

Dear Sir,—Feeling sure that you wish your lately published work on The Lambs, &c., to be as correct as possible, permit me to call your attention to a note on page 230. Mrs. Payne was the only daughter of Admiral Burney and sister of Martin Burney. And Elia's essay called "The Wedding" is a real account of her wedding, initials and all correct. "One of the handsome Miss T—s" alluded to was my aunt, Miss S. B. Thomas, fourth daughter of Honoratus Leigh Thomas, sometime President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Mrs. Payne was a fine performer on the pianoforte. Her husband was for many years partner with my brother-in-law, Henry Foss, in Pall Mall, and the firm procured and supplied many treasures to the Grenville Library. My husband, the late Edward Foss, author of "The Judges of England," was closely connected with the Burney family. His mother, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Rose of Chiswick, sister of Samuel Rose, Cowper's friend, was also

sister of Mrs. Charles Burney, whose husband was son of the Historian of Music and father of Archdeacon Burney, late of St. Alban's, and grandfather of the present Archdeacon Charles Burney, of Kingston-on-Thames. Apologizing for the length of this letter,

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
MARIA E. FOSS.

A few months only before his death, on August 5, 1834, the Rev. J. Fuller Russell paid a visit to Lamb, of which an interesting record is preserved in *Notes and Queries*, April 1, 1882.

The Works of Lamb.

In *The Lambs*, 1897, p. 79, it was perhaps too positively stated that the verses contributed by Lamb to the elegiac collection on Priscilla Farmer, folio, 1796, was his earliest appearance in type; for it may be a question whether his share in the Coleridge volume of the same year is not entitled to this distinction. It was issued in the early months of 1796. There Coleridge, in lines "To a Friend to-

gether with an Unfinished Poem," refers to a similarity of domestic or personal circumstances in having also had an only sister, and he adds:—

"Cheerily, dear Charles,
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year."

The minor works of Lamb have long formed a field of research and controversy, less from their independent than from their indirect value; for if they had never existed, the fame of the author would have stood at least as high and have proved as permanent. The ill-fated farce, "Mr. H.," produced at Drury Lane, December 10th, 1806, with Elliston and Miss Mellon in the cast, was never printed separately in England, but was included in the so-called *Works* in 1818. In 1813, however, it was published at Philadelphia, as performed at the Philadelphia Theatre, in an octavo volume of 36 pages.

Lamb himself told Fuller Russell (see just above) that he lost £25 by *John Woodvil*—a serious sum in 1801; he seemed to regard it after all those years as his best production.

Some uncertainty has prevailed, not only as regards the earliest appearance, but as regards the parentage of "Beauty and the Beast," while "Prince Dorus" is accepted as Lamb's on the authority of Crabb Robinson, who *saw him at work upon it in* 1811.

Now, among the advertisements at the end of a copy, in its original binding, of Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*, 1809, occur as "Presents for Youth of both Sexes, from Ten Years of Age and Upwards," "Beauty and the Beast; or, a Rough Outside, &c. 5*s.* 6*d.* coloured, or 3*s.* 6*d.* plain," with a note—"This Work is bound in a way to lay conveniently open on a Music Desk"; and immediately follows, "Prince Dorus; or, Flattery put out of Countenance: a Poem, with 9 elegant Engravings. 2*s.* 6*d.* coloured or 1*s.* 6*d.* plain," with a Note—"This Work, as well as the preceding, may be considered as a well-adapted introductory step to a higher range of Poetry." There is no reference to the author in either case.

The previous notice is not exactly conclusive,

but it seems to go so far as to shew that both volumes were by an author who desired to preserve his anonymity, which is done in the printed copies; and with our accidental knowledge through Robinson that the *Prince Dorus* was written by his friend, I should be disposed to hazard a guess that the other was so too. Then comes the difficulty that both are advertized as ready in 1809. So far as *Beauty and the Beast* is concerned, this may harmonize with the fact that no copy of the first edition with the title appears to have been found; but I cannot reconcile Godwin's advertisement with Robinson's entry in his *Diary*, unless the latter has given a wrong date. A copy of *Beauty and the Beast*, on sale by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., appears to be dated on the cover 1813; but on page 3 is a watermark, 1810. The copy of Godwin's Essay, 1809, may have been put into boards a little later, and the book under consideration may have been issued in 1810 or 1811, and had a fresh cover, dated 1813, added to the then unsold stock. At the same time

there was, according to Messrs. Dodd & Co.'s account, a distinct undated impression without a watermark; and a third, called *Second Edition*, in 1825.

Henry Crabb Robinson was, perhaps, so named after a Mr. Henry Crabb, whom I specify in my *Catalogue of Book-Collectors*.

The account of the Chambers family, introducing the letter of 1817 from Lamb to Charles Chambers, was communicated to me verbally by my friend Mr. Algernon Black. Mr. Black now tells me that I misunderstood a few points. *Edward* Chambers should be *Edmund* Chambers. Both Charles and Edmund married, but had no issue. The former practised as a medical man for a few years, and died in 1857. He wrote occasional poems for his friends, but was so discreet as not to print them. The other brother, John, died in 1862. He used to be fond of repeating the horse-stealing story, and of startling people by prefacing that *he* was once nearly hanged for this offence. He would frequent a particular chop-house, and speak

of a man who went there and ordered the same dinner every day in the year, except Christmas Day and Good Friday, when he ordered sausages.

In *The Lambs*, 1897, p. 171, occurs a letter from Miss Lamb to Mrs. Kenney, of 1822, in which there is a mention of the *diligence*, called a *Cuckoo*, which then plied between Paris, St. Cloud, and Versailles. My informant was Mrs. Kenney herself. The usual account is that these public vehicles were not established in Paris till 1827.[1]

I possess collations of many letters, of which the originals have passed into or through my hands since 1897; but I reserve these details for a future occasion or the use of a future Editor.

A brief memoir of Lamb by Edward Moxon was privately printed, 8vo., 1835, and in the *Oxford University Magazine* for the same year occurs some account of him. By the way, the expression "agnize" = Lambize, is found in the

[1] Beckmann, 1846, i., 82.

paper, "Oxford in the Vacation," and again in a letter to Procter of 1824.

Certain occasional compositions by Lamb still await their turn for insertion in his collected works, if it is deemed imperative to hand down to posterity trifles which the author would have probably judged unworthy of such a distinction. Here are some, at all events:—

1. Prologue and Epilogue to Godwin's *Antonio*, 1800.

2. Epilogue to *Time's a Tell-Tale*, by Henry Siddons, 1807.

3. Epilogue to Kenney's *Debtor and Creditor*, 1814. Biographically interesting as antedating the acquaintance with the Kenneys.

4. Epigrams printed in the *Champion* under the signature *R. & R.*, and not included in the editions.

5. Supposed contributions to Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, 1819–21. No. 74 contains a paper entitled "Elia *v.* Indicator," where there is a semi-serious discussion on the identity of *Elia*

with *Mr. L——b*, and the writer intimates an uncertainty, ostensibly jocular, whether the name is *Lomb* or *Lamb*.

6. Conjectured papers in the *Liberal*. I am afraid that there is very slight probability that either of the essays, signed respectively *Carlone* and *Carluccio*, were written by Lamb. See *Notes and Queries*, May 19, 1877.

In the *Catalogue Raisonnée* of Mr. Mathews's *Gallery of Theatrical Portraits*, 1833, Lamb's essay on the "Old Actors" was reprinted from the *London Magazine* of October, 1822, or from *Elia*, 1823.

His *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* were printed separately, in 1835, 8vo., under the following title: "Recollections of Christ's Hospital, Reprinted by some of his School-fellows and Friends in testimony of their Respect for him, with Notes and a Preface."

In the *London Magazine* for December, 1823, appeared "A Note to Elia on the Passage in the Tempest," signed *Lælius*.

A copy of the caricature by Gillray, issued

with the first number of the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine*, and representing Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and Lloyd, the two former with asses' heads and the others as a frog and a toad respectively, was to have been inserted in my *Mary and Charles Lamb* book, 1874; but the publisher forgot all about it, and although it is referred to in the text, it is not there.

I cannot forbear to include in these pages, as a biographical document, a letter addressed by the most valued and in a manner most interesting of Lamb's later correspondents, Bernard Barton, to his friend James Keymer, brother-in-law of Laman Blanchard, and a gentleman formerly well-known in a certain literary circle. The communication speaks for itself, and I am indebted for it to *Notes and Queries* for October 18, 1879. Barton, whom we chiefly judge from the tenor of Lamb's letters to him, presents himself here as a man of independent critical discernment, and as a careful observer of character; we are perhaps rather too prone to regard him as a foil. It is the most thoughtful

contemporary appreciation of the author of *Elia* which has fallen under my eyes. It would have been interesting to have had Keymer's reply.

Bernard Barton to James Keymer.

Woodbridge,
Jan. 4, 1835.

Dear Keymer,—Thy account of poor Lamb's death, though it did not take me by surprise, for I saw it in the *Times* the day before, could not but deeply interest and painfully affect me. I had given him up as a correspondent, after, I think, three unanswer'd letters, from a feeling that the reluctance he had often expressed to letter writing was so increased by indulgence, any further efforts to force him into Epistolizing would only give him pain, without being very likely to obtain any rejoinder, or were such extorted, it would be compulsory, instead of *con amore*, so I had given up all hope of hearing from him. Then came thy Message, through Miss C., which induced me to make one more trial. Yet I am glad I did make it, for although the notion may be an altogether erroneous one, I cheat myself with the thought I might perhaps be his last Correspondent, if indeed he ever chanced to open my letter, which perhaps he

might. If thou can'st give me any further account of his few last days, pray do! for I should like to hear all I can of him. Was he at all aware, ere his close, that it was drawing nigh? I should like to know how such a man would meet death. With all his wit and humour, unrivalled as it was, he was too good, I would hope too rich in right feeling, to die jesting as Hume did. Often as his sportive sallies seemed to border on what appeared irreverent, and to some rigid people the verge of profanity, I am disposed to acquit him of all *intentional* offence of that kind. He was not heartless, however his playful imagination might betray him into frequent improprieties of expression. His vast and desultory reading, his constitutional temperament, his habits of life, his eccentricities of manner, all combined to render him the very sort of character likely to be completely misunderstood by superficial observers. A cold philosophical sceptic might have set him down as a crack-brained enthusiast, while with a high-flown formal professor of Orthodoxy he would have passed for an Infidel and a Scorner. I believe him to have been as remote from the one as from the other. But to pourtray such a character were a hopeless effort; Hazlitt in one of his better moods could perhaps have done it

as well as any one; or Leigh Hunt, if he could lay aside his jennery-jessamy prettinesses of style and mannerism. Perhaps Lamb's own account of himself, as given in the prefatory paper to the Last Essays of Elia, is the best sketch of him we ever shall have. I should like a copy of his tribute to Coleridge, and pray tell me anything in thy power about him—his close, and poor Mary, for I feel not a little interested in knowing what is to be done with and for her. At some time or other I hope to string my own thoughts of Lamb in Verse, but I have no ability even to think of attempting it now. I can now only think and feel that I have lost him.

We are all in the turmoil and squabble of electioneering politics, things I never was very fond of, and now I hate with a perfect hatred. Do write again ere long, I will gladly pay postage to hear ought more about Lamb

Thine in haste,

BERNARD BARTON.

Mr. J. Keymer, Stationer, 142, Cheapside

II. WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It will be evident, by a reference to the body of the volume before the reader, that many inte-

resting new particulars of Hazlitt transpire in the course of its pages. Of his early married life we seem to be more ignorant than of his boyhood and his youth, where his sister's *Diary* and the correspondence between his father and himself from 1785 to 1802 are so helpful. The additional letters recovered by me from time to time have rendered my distinguished relative's later career somewhat less obscure than I found it when I first took up the subject more than thirty years ago; but much uncertainty remains, and even with the fresh matter printed herewith, the story is far from being as complete in regard to many biographical and literary facts as one could wish. Nor am I acquainted with any unexplored channels or any missing clues likely to improve our means of supplying *lacunæ* in the record. Indeed, as I mentioned in 1867, had not Hazlitt been in his works to a considerable extent his own biographer, we should be still more greatly at a loss. In the case of a contemporary—of Lamb, whose circle of acquaintance was so large and appreciative, and

whose extant letters are so numerous, how often we encounter difficulties and grounds for doubt; and Hazlitt was, of all letter-writers, the most sparing. We have to be grateful, however, for what we can get, and this latest contribution to Lamb-Hazlitt literature may prove not unacceptable or unfruitful.

The peculiar intimacy of Hazlitt and Lamb constitutes my plea for blending the contents of my new book; and it was an intimacy maintained under rather difficult circumstances, inasmuch as the two men, in their political opinions (or, rather perhaps, their ways of looking at public concerns) were so widely discordant. Lamb enjoyed from the outset an official independence, and was what it is the fashion to term a literary *amateur*. While, therefore, through his acquaintance with Coleridge, Lovell, Lloyd, &c., he involved himself in early days in the attacks of the Anti-Jacobin reviewers and caricaturists, he may be said to have observed during his maturer life an attitude of neutrality; so that he counted among his friends men the most opposite in their

public views; even his noble letter to Southey was in defence of others as much as in his own. Hazlitt, on the contrary, a man of peculiarly sensitive and irritable temperament, had through his whole life to owe his maintenance to literary task-work, and was, moreover, an ardent and honest Liberal in politics—a Liberal as the designation was understood in his time.

Hazlitt imbibed from his father, with a sympathy for the cause of American independence, a steadfast faith in the beneficial effects on human happiness of the first Revolution in France—a view not without its share of truth and reality, when we regard the old system which the new one superseded, but too Utopian and optimistic when we judge its merits in retrospect. The theological school, to which the Unitarian minister belonged, was all along at heart republican.

My grandfather has been charged with inconsistency in admiring and upholding Napoléon; but Hazlitt had in fact transferred the allegiance, which he inherited from his father, to the prin-

ciples of the French Revolution, so far as its mission of political enfranchisement went, to the man who stepped out of the crowd, and by his superlative and dazzling genius erected on the ruins of the former absolutism a new one of his own.

Hazlitt saw with chagrin and anger the secession of so many of the Liberal party from the cause—Coleridge, Southey, Stoddart, and others whom he had known, or with whom he was connected; and he and they consequently exchanged not very complimentary criticism; he barely tolerated the indifference of Lamb. Cobbett, Hone, and my grandfather remained staunch to the old flag.

I refer in the *Memoirs*, 1867, to the accusation levelled by Southey at Hazlitt of seeing his likeness in one of Michael Angelo's devils; but, curiously enough, the same writer elsewhere (in a letter to Duppa) says precisely the same thing of the author of *The Road to Ruin*. They both belonged to the camp which he had forsaken.

At the Southampton Arms my grandfather

was accustomed to confer with Hone and Cruikshank on the next political squib to be launched by the two latter in partnership. Of Hone my grandfather must have seen a good deal, although I have no epistolary evidences of their intercourse. Hone, like Cobbett, suffered severely for his opinions, and was tried before Lord Ellenborough for publishing a pamphlet decried by the authorities as blasphemous. It was on this memorable occasion that the defendant handed up to the Bench one written on similar lines by Ellenborough's father, the Bishop of Carlisle. Hone published Hazlitt's *Political Essays* in 1819; some papers had been contributed to Hone's *Yellow Dwarf*, a title borrowed from the *Nain jaune* of Paris, 1815.

The *Rural Rides* of Cobbett, in whose *Register* Hazlitt wrote a little, forms a necessary Introduction to the Reform Bill of 1832, which my grandfather was not spared to witness. Never was there such a fearless and scathing exposure of villainy, cruelty, and cowardice in high places, such a humiliating, dissillusionizing picture of

our aristocracy, titled and otherwise, as in the pages of those *Rides*, where we see so many of our greatest names brought forward to be branded as the enemies of their country and their species, and the younger Pitt let lightly off, when he is dismissed in company with his sovereign as a fool, but an honest one.

Another of the men whom my grandfather regarded as political renegades was John Stoddart, subsequently knighted and Chief Justice of Malta. His earliest literary effort was a translation from the French in 1797 of *Les Cinq*, by Joseph Despaze, an account of the five men who formed the executive government of France between the fall of Robespierre and the rise of Napoléon.

It becomes indirectly important to state that Stoddart received his early education at the school in Salisbury Close, his father, a retired lieutenant in the Royal Navy, then residing in St. Ann's Street, in the Cathedral City. For there the under-master was the Rev. E. Coleridge, an elder brother of the poet and philosopher, and this circumstance may be fairly

taken to have been the channel through which Stoddart was introduced to the Lambs and the Hazlitts. I have elsewhere spoken of the Jacobinical group, of which my great-uncle made for some time one, and to which Holcroft and Thelwall belonged. The latter was during a few years editor of the *Champion*, and in 1822 published an octavo volume, now tolerably scarce, entitled "Poetical Recreations of the Champion," including his own and many by Lamb. Lamb's are to be found, with a few exceptions, in the collected edition of his works, 1892.

Stoddart, by experience perhaps rather than natural temperament a cautious man, was not exempt in earlier life from perpetrating a few tactical mistakes. One of them was the establishment of the *New Times*, of which Hazlitt said that, if any one wanted to keep a secret, the best plan was to put it in the columns of his relative's paper, which proved a failure, although it continued in print during some years. The *New Times* professed to be unconnected with the

paper called *The Times*, and was published every morning at six o'clock, price sevenpence. The first Number, called No. 5415, appears to have been issued January 1st, 1818. It preserved the original name till October 4th, 1828, when the title was changed to *The Morning Journal*. The latter seems to have ceased on May 13th, 1830; but Sir John Stoddart must have severed his connection with the enterprize many years prior.

I possess well-executed plaister busts of Sir John and Lady Stoddart, most probably modelled at Malta about 1825. Sir John in his younger days was a member of the *Lunar Society*, otherwise *Lunatics*, to which social club his intimate friend Sir Benjamin Brodie, James Watt, Joseph Priestley, and others belonged. The meetings were held at the full moon.

One of Stoddart's sons, the Rev. W. Wellwood Stoddart, of St. John's College, Oxford, was a particular friend of Thackeray. There is a copy of *Esmond*, with the inscription: "Rev^{d}. W. W. Stoddart, with the Author's affectionate regards, October 28, 1852, W. M. T."

Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, publicly blamed Hazlitt for weakening their common political interests by assailing him; but his friend vindicated himself from the charge in a letter, which may be read in the *Hazlitt Memoir* of 1897. Byron was scarcely to be counted as a political advocate outside his generous fight for Greek freedom; but Hazlitt and he were never cordial. His lordship refers to Hazlitt's mode of writing as not gentlemanly; and the other dubbed the author of *Childe Harold* "a sublime coxcomb." I believe that Hazlitt entertained a sincere regard for Hunt, with the slightest possible jealousy of his personal accomplishments.

Leigh Hunt, before his marriage, lived with my grandfather and grandmother Reynell at Pimlico, and when my uncle Charles, as a schoolboy at Dr. Duncan's Ciceronian Academy in that neighbourhood, was required to write a thesis on the Horse, Leigh Hunt helped him by giving him as a start: "The horse is a noble animal, and eats hay and straw with equal facility."

It was Hazlitt who advised Leigh Hunt to print in the *Indicator* the famous song out of Lyly's *Campaspe*, as a favourable specimen of the class of composition. It is in the number for, Feb. 28, 1821, with this remark by Hunt: "We cannot refer to what Mr. Hazlitt has said of it in his books, as we are always having reason to find, when we most want them, being of that description of property which may be called borrowable; but we remember his advising us to do the very thing we are now doing with it."

It has been already stated that the houses open to Hazlitt, especially when his reputation was established, were numerous enough. He had no occasion to limit himself to the Southampton Arms, even if he had not latterly divided his time between London and Salisbury. But I might have added that he also occasionally made one at Talfourd's Wednesdays, when the author of *Ion* was residing in Castle Street, Holborn, a barrister in moderate practice, and as yet only known to a select

circle of admirers. My grandfather also attended Charles Kemble's *conversazioni*.

In the *Memoirs of Hazlitt*, 1867, i., 183, I printed a letter from my grandfather, originally inserted in the November number of the *London Magazine*, 1823, under the Lion's Head, in reply to De Quincey, on the Malthusian question. I conclude the idea of the Lion's Head to have been borrowed more immediately from that designed by Hogarth for Button's Coffee-house in Covent Garden. But it is traceable to the *Bocca di Leone* at Venice.

THE EARLIER HAZLITTS

THE EARLIER HAZLITTS AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS IN IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA

THE design of the present project for offering in consecutive order a series of papers, in which Lamb and Hazlitt are partly mixed up, accidentally yields the precedence to the latter, as my earliest material concerns the fortunes of his family, before they removed from Ireland, and then proceeds to illustrate, by letters and otherwise, the careers of the Rev. W. Hazlitt and his son prior to their formation of an acquaintance with the Lambs through John Hazlitt the miniaturist.

In the *Memoirs of William Hazlitt*, 1867, the present writer made a cursory reference to John Damer as a friend of the earliest Hazlitt—John Hazlitt the flax factor (of whom there is not any authentic or tangible record), and as his

fellow-emigrant from the North to the South of Ireland in the reign of George I. The place whither the two removed was, as we know, Shrone-hill or Shronell, near Tipperary.

A correspondent, who is a native of Shronell, writes to me:—

"I know Shrone-hill well, and have heard hundreds of times of John Damer, no doubt the same whom you state to have been the companion of John Hazlitt, when he settled at Shrone-hill in the time of George I. There is no name better known to the people of Tipperary—I mean the town, from which Shrone-hill is distant about two miles—or, indeed, to the whole country thereabout, than that of John Damer. 'As rich as Damer' is a proverbial expression still current in Tipperary, and likely to remain so for many a day. For miles round Shrone-hill the ruins of what the peasantry call 'Damer's Court' may still be seen—a conspicuous object in the landscape, with its many lightless windows and crumbling walls slowly, but surely, passing away.

"I venture to say that no traveller passes by without making some enquiry about a ruin at once so extensive and so unlike the many that

are to be met in a land of ruins, and there is scarcely a man, woman, or child that would not be able to tell him something or other about the singular person to whom it belonged.

"But the name of Damer does not depend for its preservation upon tradition alone. On referring to Swift's Works you will find some verses written on the death of one whom I think he calls 'Damer the usurer,' which throw some light on the occupation of the man—a point about which you have not been able to find any reliable information.

"There are none left at present in Shrone-hill or Tipperary of Damer's name; but it is still borne—having been probably assumed from the female line—a point upon which Sir Bernard Burke's Peerage would no doubt throw some light—by the noble house of Portarlington, whose family name is Dawson-Damer.

"I have stood, when a child, by the grave of John Damer in Shrone-hill Churchyard. It is not marked by monument or headstone, or by anything which bears his name; and yet there is not the slightest difficulty in finding it. Any little boy or girl in the neighbourhood would be able to point it out. It was only in keeping with the character of this singular man, who, as I have often heard, was in the habit of walking

into Tipperary on market days, or when business called him, clad in plain frieze like any plain farmer, to desire upon his death that he should have neither monument nor headstone erected to his memory, but that he should be laid in a grave which should have a fresh covering of green turf laid on it every year. That is done to this day, and hence the grave of Damer is easily distinguished from the graves of his humble companions in death, which lie around."

Burke furnishes a full account of Joseph Damer, who was a trusted officer of cavalry and diplomatist under Cromwell, and who had possessed estates in Somerset and Dorset, but who sold them at the Restoration, and purchased other property in Ireland, where he might expect, as a Cromwellian, less danger of molestation from the new government. He died July 6, 1720, aged 92; and if the current statement as to his fortune applies to him, he left £400,000. His nephew and heir, John Damer, of Shrone-hill, died without issue in 1768; leaving as his heir his brother, Joseph Damer, of

Came, Co. Dorset, a gentleman of considerable parliamentary and social position, whose eldest son became Baron Milton, Viscount Milton, and Earl of Dorchester (1753—92). A later John Damer (1744—67) married Anne Seymour Conway, only child of Field-Marshal Conway, and the well-known friend of Horace Walpole.

The Damers, who were originally of Chapel, Co. Devon, having become extinct in the male line, Henry Dawson, third Earl of Portarlington (1786—1841), on the death of Lady Caroline Damer, youngest daughter and heiress of the second and last Earl of Dorchester of this family, in 1829 acquired the estates and took the name.

Thus much for the Damer who is traditionally associated with John Hazlitt. The poor, silly, doggerel verses by Swift and others on "Demar the usurer," seem to imply that his uncle Joseph became in later life penurious in his habits.

The paragraph respecting the Hazlitt emigrants from Coleraine in the last century, in *Four Generations of a Literary Family*, 1897, may

be fortified and corrected by a letter which my father received some years since from a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Under date of February 21st, 1885, this gentleman (then temporarily resident in England) writes:—

"I am anxious on behalf of a friend of mine at home to trace the ancestry of four brothers, John, Joseph, William, and James Hazlitt, who emigrated to America from Coleraine, Ireland, some time previous to the American War of Independence. The elder brother John, who was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Preneston in 1777, having been a distinguished Colonel of the Continental Army."

Looking at the title chosen by its ennobled members, it seems by no means improbable that the Loftus family of Wisbeach was some offshoot of the Irish house, of Loftus Hall, Fethard, near Tipperary, whence the Hazlitts immediately came on their settlement in England. The Loftuses were at Fethard in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.; and the family intermarried with the Gorges

family of Coleraine, a part of Ireland from which a branch of the Hazlitts was, as we have seen, derived.

The residence of the Hazlitts at Maidstone from 1770 to 1780 has been to some extent illustrated in the *Four Generations*, 1897. I have now, however, to offer a few additional remarks on that period. Margaret or Peggy Hazlitt (the Diarist) was born there December 10th, 1770, as appears from the parish register, and both her brother William and herself were baptized by their father at his chapel—the former on the 21st June, 1778, the latter on the 30th January, 1771.

The house in Mitre, apparently the same as Bullock, Lane, where the family lived, does not seem to be identifiable; it may have been demolished, as extensive alterations have occurred hereabout. In the parish rating-book it is assessed at £12 rental, and the name of the tenant is spelled Hayzlitt. The chapel in the same lane (now a thoroughfare running by the side of the Mitre Hotel) has been much

modernized inside, but remains in the exterior mainly in its original state. In front, in the brickwork, is the date 1737. I note that Mr. Hazlitt's predecessor is described as presiding over Earle Street Chapel. When he came to Maidstone the Minister was 33, his wife 24.

It deserves mention that a number of Maidstonians migrated long since to New England, and formed a settlement there under the old name, and that there is an ancient inn in the place bearing the arms of some of the original colonists.

The family of Lewis, of Maidstone and elsewhere, of which the Rev. Israel Lewis was a member, behaved in the most generous manner to the Hazlitts during many years, and probably assisted them to a larger extent, so long as their own circumstances permitted, than we shall ever know. The Rev. Israel Lewis himself, Mr. Hazlitt's immediate predecessor, was minister of Earle Street Meeting House from 1744 to 1770.

The Rev. D. D. Jeremy writes in 1897:—

"One of your great-grandfather's nearest and most beloved friends was the Rev. Samuel Thomas, of Dublin, and it has just occurred to me that a fine portrait of Mr. Thomas (now in the vestry of Stephen's Green Unitarian Church, Dublin,) is the work of Mr. John Hazlitt or of his sister. When 37 years ago I settled in Dublin, I became intimately acquainted with an old lady aged 96, and her daughter aged 76, from whom I heard a great deal that was interesting about the Hazlitts. The old lady was a daughter of Mr. Swanwick, a prominent member of your great-grandfather's congregation at Wem. If I remember aright, the ladies used to speak of Miss Margaret Hazlitt as being highly gifted, like her brother, and very artistic. I presume I am right in identifying the David Williams referred to with the founder of the *Literary Fund*."

The portrait above named, if by one of the Hazlitts, was, of course, by John.

Two original and hitherto unprinted documents relevant to Mr. Hazlitt's movements, just prior to his removal to America in 1783, possess sufficient interest perhaps to deserve preservation in their entirety, more especially as they

illustrate the personal relations of my ancestor with Dr. Price of Newington, Dr. Kippis, and Dr. Rees, of whom we know the first from many sources to have been a gentleman of considerable standing and influence in his day. The former paper is a reply to a communication (probably lost) in which Mr. Hazlitt had evidently drawn a most unfavourable and gloomy picture of his position, and had broached the idea of emigration from which his correspondent, as we shall see, dissuades him.

It strikes me as extremely likely that Hazlitt owed his introduction to the Unitarian College at Hackney to the successive connection with that neighbourhood and institution of his father's friends, Dr. Priestley and Dr. Price.

Newington Green,
June 28th, 1782.

Dear Sir,—I am very sorry for the account in your letters to me and Mr. Palmer of the distress you are in. In conformity to your desire I requested the favour of L^d^ Shelburne to convey a letter from me to Col^l^ Fitzpatrick. In this letter I stated to him some of the particulars of

your case, and at the same time assured him of my favourable opinion of you, and the irreproachableness of your character. He was so polite as immediately to answer my letter, and to inform me that all possible attention had been paid to your complaints agst. the officers; that he saw nothing in your conduct with respect to them that was blameable, and that an order had been given to censure them. I learn from Mr. Palmer that your difficulties since you writ to me have increased, and that you are determined to quit Ireland in August. I heartily wish you may be extricated out of your troubles and find a provision for yourself and family. You mention going over to America, but I cannot advise you to this. I am afraid you would only find your difficulties increased by this.

Deliver my complimts to Mrs. Hazlitt.

I remain, Dear Sr.

Sincerely yours,

RICHD. PRICE.

To

The Revd. Mr. Hazlitt.

I have known Mr. Hazlitt, the bearer of this, many years. I was concerned with the late Dr. Chandler and Dr. Prior in examining him before his entrance on the ministry, and in giving

him a testimonial of approbation. His moral character is unblemish'd, and he has always been a zealous friend to civil and religious liberty, and the cause of America. His last settlement has been with a congregation of Protestant Dissenters near Cork, in Ireland, where he exerted himself successfully in favour of some American prisoners.

Believing him to be a man of integrity and ability, I wish him success in his endeavours to obtain a settlement for himself and his family in one of the United American States.

RICHD. PRICE.

Newington Green,
near London, March 3rd, 1783.

We whose names are underwritten, from a personal Intimacy with Mr. Hazlitt, sincerely join in the above Recommendation.

AND. KIPPIS.
JOHN PALMER.
A. REES.

It was while the Rev. Mr. Hazlitt remained at Hallowell that he wrote the following graphic letter to the Rev. Dr. Howard at Boston. He most probably wrote many others; but they do not seem to have survived:—

Dear Sir,—The morning after we parted, I arrived at the mouth of Kennebec; but, the wind being then contrary, and the fresh in the river so violent, occasioned by the late uncommon heavy rains, as to prevent the flowing of the tide, we could not enter the river until late in the evening. The whole day was altogether disagreeable. The ship was incessantly tossed about like a piece of cork in a tumultuous eddy. Almost all the passengers were extremely sick. We could have no dinner dressed, and we were in hourly expectation of being driven out to sea, and of being forced upon an unequal contention with the rocks and boisterous waves. But our situation was more dangerous the preceding night. The vessel was old, unmanageable, and rotten as a pear. She leaked, I believe, above a foot of water every hour. The wind was very high. The captain and mate were drunk in their beds: the other raw and ignorant sailors were in the same state. Providentially, as the vessel could not be made to move but in a direct line with the wind, the wind was as fair as it could blow, kept us exactly in our course, and preserved us from otherwise probable destruction. We had a very tedious passage up the river to Bomley Hook. I did not arrive here before Sunday morning, and then only time enough to

preach once to the people at Hollywell. I can as yet form no judgment of the place. The climate and the face of the country are much like Nova Scotia; I think more agreeable. The people seem greatly pleased at my coming, particularly as I have come under the direction of Mr. Vaughan. But, though the place is more out of the world than accords with my inclination, I will endeavour to accommodate myself to it, if, after a few weeks' trial, I find myself acceptable to the people. When I shall have the power of more particularly informing you of my situation here, you may expect to hear from me. I wish for your good advice to my son. I do not petition for your other services, because I know it is unnecessary. Be pleased to carry the enclosed to Mrs. Hazlitt as soon as you can. With my respectful compliments to Miss Mayhew, Dr. Lathrop, and all inquiring friends,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate, &c.,

W. HAZLITT.

Hollywell [Hallowell],
Kennebec River,
Nov. 4th, 1785.

In a letter from the Rev. J. Lathrop, date

Boston, August 4th, 1788, to Mr. Hazlitt, the writer says:—

"Your very affectionate letter, in answer to mine by Mrs. Hazlitt, after a long passage, reached me, and gave the first information of her safe arrival with the children. Some time after I heard of your happy settlement at Wem.

The pain which we feel at parting with amiable friends would be exceedingly great were it not for the hope which we entertain of seeing them again. . . . *Your* Betsy, in particular, frequently expresses the tender feelings of her heart, in sincere wishes that she could see her beloved friend. Peggy Hazlitt."

Miss Hazlitt notes in her *Diary*, so often cited in *Four Generations*, 1897:—

"The first six years subsequent to our settlement at Wem he [her brother William] devoted to study, and under his father's guidance he made a rapid progress. He was at this time the most active, lively, and happiest of boys; his time, divided between his studies and his childish sports, passed smoothly on. Beloved by all for his amiable temper and manners, pleasing above his years. The delight and pride of his own family."

HAZLITT'S SCHOOL DAYS

HAZLITT'S SCHOOL DAYS

We hear a good deal in the years succeeding to the return from America in 1787 of visits by the boy Hazlitt to friends at Liverpool, of whom the Tracys were the most prominent and intimate. Mrs. Tracy was a West-Indian and a widow who, having taken up her abode during some length of time at Wem, to be near her daughters, whom she had placed at school there, was now passing a year with them at Liverpool previously to a final return to Jamaica. William Hazlitt, having formed the acquaintance of the Tracys in Shropshire, was repeatedly invited to their house at Liverpool, and utilised a portion of his time in the course of these visits in learning French, which he had not an opportunity of acquiring at home. He and the Misses Tracy studied in fact together, and Miss Tracy was in some things his pupil, he having begun to teach

ıer Latin before they left Wem. It was at Liverpool, as I have observed, that Hazlitt in 1790 first came across *Telemachus*, and his sister the Diarist mentions that the book was still a favourite with her in 1835, and perhaps for the reason that William liked it.

Besides the Tracys, our family made the acquaintance of those of Yates and Railton, the latter descendants of an ancient border family in the north.

I append a series of letters addressed by Mr. Hazlitt to his son and by the latter to his father from Hackney College, and his brother's house in London, in 1793, when the experimental training at Hackney commenced. The latter are interesting for the same reason that I gave in the *Four Generations*, 1897, for inserting that long one of my grandfather to his mother in 1790, when he was a precocious child of twelve. He promised to more than fulfil the criticism of Montaigne, that those who are going to distinguish themselves in life, must shew indications before they reach their twentieth year:—

I.

My dear William,—We received letters from your brother and sister on Sunday last, by which we learned that they were well, that your brother had two new pictures engaged, and that your sister is to leave London next Thursday evening in company with Miss Thornthwaite. They both were very affectionate in their enquiries after you. They had heard nothing of Isaac Kingston since they had your letter concerning him. Your brother said that your letter to him was very long, very clever, and very entertaining. On Wednesday evening we had your letter, which was finished on the preceding Monday. The piety displayed in the first part of it was a great refreshment to me. Continue to cherish those thoughts which then occupied your mind, continue to be virtuous, and you will finally be that happy being whom you describe, and to this purpose you have nothing more to do than to pursue that conduct, which will always yield you the highest pleasures even in this present life. But he who once gives way to any known vice, in the very instant hazards his total depravity and total ruin. You must, therefore, fixedly resolve never, through any possible motives, to do any thing which you believe to be wrong. This will be only resolving

never to be miserable, and this I rejoycingly expect will be the unwavering resolution of my William. Your conversation upon the Test Act did you honour. If we only think justly we shall always easily foil all the advocates of tyranny. The inhospitable ladies whom you mention were, perhaps, treated by you with too great severity. We know not how people may be circumstanced at a particular moment, whose disposition is generally friendly. They may then happen to pass under a cloud, which unfits them for social intercourse. We must see them more than once or twice to be able to form a tolerable judgment of their characters. There are but few, like Mrs. Tracy, who can always appear what they really are. I do not say, however, that the English ladies whom you mentioned are not exactly as you described them. I only wish to caution you against forming too hasty a judgment of characters, who can seldom be known at a single interview. I wish you, if you can, to become master of the gamut whilst you are there. I am glad that you have made so great a progress in French, and that you are so very anxious to hear Mr. Clegg's lectures. It is a pity that you cannot have another month at the French, &c. But, as matters are, I hope you will be soon able to

master that language. I am glad that you employed the last Sunday so well, and that the employment afforded you so much satisfaction. Nothing else can truly satisfy us but the acquisition of knowledge and virtue. May these blessings be yours more and more every day. On Thursday morning we had a letter from Mr. Booth, written at Boston 24 June, just five weeks before we received it. He was forty-six days on his passage from England, with agreeable company. They had sometimes very heavy weather, and so extremely cold that the sails were frozen to the yards. The last winter was very extraordinary and very unhealthy in America. Consequently, many persons died in Boston and in other parts of the country. He says, concerning you, 'I read Billy's letter to 'Fanny, and she was delighted with it. She 'sends her love to him, but Fanny has lost the 'recollection of her little playfellow. The letter 'does Billy much credit. He has uncommon 'powers of mind, and if nothing happens to 'prevent his receiving a liberal education, he 'must make a great man.' This compliment, I know, will not make you proud or conceited, but more diligent. He, also, desires his and Mrs. Booth's affectionate regards to Billy. You see how careful I am to transmit to you all the

news in my power. I must now give you some information and directions concerning your return home. Mrs. Dicken is to send Sandlin with horses for George, at the time Miss Shepherd proposes to return. Mr. Swanwick has made me an offer of his white horse to go for you. Therefore, if you be not afraid to ride him and if you do not dislike this mode of travelling, the horses will be ready for you at Eastham on the day and hour you expect to be there. You will come forward the same day to a tenant of Miss Walford's, five miles on this side of Chester, and on the next day you will dine at Mrs. Wicherley's, at Whitchurch, and afterwards come home. But if the weather be blowing, or if it be not very fine, when Miss Shepherd comes upon the water, you are not to accompany her, but to wait until it be just what you could wish. You will mention the day and the hour that are fixed upon for you to set out in your next, or propose to me any other preferable mode of returning, that I may prepare accordingly. And you will take care to leave none of your books or other things behind you in your hurry, and also to bring my shirt, stock, stockings, and handkerchief. I hope to hear from you again on Wednesday evening next, and I propose to write to you the day following,

to mention any further particulars that may occur with respect to your coming. I leave it entirely to yourself to thank Mrs. Tracy in the manner you think you ought for her friendship. You will stop at Mr. Nichols's as you come through Chester, and you may ask him to assist you in purchasing the best hat you can at the price of 8s., if you find yourself *rich* and choose to do so. Before you leave Liverpool, you will not neglect to call upon all persons who have shewn you any particular civilities. You will thank Mr. Nichols for the trouble you have given him, and especially your masters for their attention to you, and Mr. Yates for his books, which you will be careful to return in the good order in which you received them. You will give my respects to Mr. Yates. I wish that he amongst his friends could procure for your brother engagements for about a score of pictures at Liverpool this summer, that we might have the pleasure of seeing him here. Your mother gives her love, and she unites with me in affectionate regards to Mrs. and all the Miss Tracys.

I am, my dear William,
Your truly affectionate father,
W. HAZLITT.

Wem, 31 July, 1790.

Kynaston attends the school at present. How long he will continue to do so, I cannot pretend to say. Jos. Swanwick talked of writing to you by last Thursday's post.

2.

My dear William,—We had letters yesterday from your brother and sister, by which we learned that they were both well, that Isaac Kingston was returned to London, that Mrs. Large is also there, and that Peggy is to set off this evening on her return home, in the Baloon Coach, in company with Miss Thornthwaite. Your brother will go to Canterbury as soon as Peggy leaves town, where he expects some employment to help him to lay in provision for the winter. I wish he may succeed no worse than he did last year in Kent. Yesterday evening we had your letter, which gave us much satisfaction, though you disappointed us in not being more particular in answer to my enquiries concerning the time the water will serve and the hour you propose to set off from Liverpool on Monday next. But I perceive that your paper was almost filled before you received my letter, and that you left yourself scarce any room to make me any reply to my questions.

Sandland is to take your great coat and spatter-dashes to protect you from the weather. The horses will be ready for you at Eastham at 11 o'clock on Monday morning. You will take care to leave none of your things nor mine behind you, that Mrs. Tracy may not have the trouble of sending them afterwards. Take leave of Mr. Yates on Sunday afternoon in the vestry, and, as I before directed you, call upon all your friends who have taken any notice of you. When you are at Whitchurch, call at Mr. Jenkins's, if you can spare time, and bring with you the last part of Dr. Priestley's Familiar Letters, which he borrowed from me when he was last here. I am, at present, hurried, and therefore you must expect but a very short letter. I cannot, however, neglect acquainting you that young Mrs. Hincks, the late Susan Swanwick, is at Chester, and will be here this evening. She came over quite unexpectedly, with her aunt, her mother-in-law, and two boarders, who are coming to the school. Your sister will be quite glad to see her friend, though not quite so much so as to see you. The only other intelligence I can recollect is that old Mr. Walmsley of Cromer died this morning, and that Kynaston, I believe, will stay here until Christmas. Enquire which is the best of the cheap

French Dictionaries. Enquire at the bookseller's there for Watts's Geography and Astronomy, and if it be there and you can purchase it for about half-a-crown, bring it with you. Do not forget to thank Mr. Nichols for his civilities. But what must you say to Mrs. Tracy? I leave that entirely to yourself. But present her with your mamma's respect and mine, and our sincere thanks for all favours, and tell her that we wish to see her again, and that we also hope for this pleasure with all the young ladies, and all of them quite happy. My sermons will soon be printed. I shall embrace the very first opportunity of sending Mrs. Tracy her copy. I have lately come to a resolution of taking half-a-dozen of boys to educate, if such should offer, under ten years of age, at 25 guineas a year each. You may mention this where you are, as there are multitudes in the West Indies who want a good education. Mrs. and the Miss Cottons are to be here this evening. Your mamma unites in love to you with,

My dear William,

Your ever affectionate father,

W. HAZLITT.

Wem, August 6, 1790.

Dear William, you must excuse my writing to you now. [*In his mother's hand.*]

HAZLITT AT HACKNEY COLLEGE

HAZLITT AT HACKNEY COLLEGE

We now leave behind us the school-days and the Liverpool visits, and must follow Hazlitt to his next destination, with his father's profession still in view.

3.

[Hackney College, 1793.]

Dear father,—I rec^d. your kind letter on Monday evening at five o'clock, the usual time. I was very much pleased you liked the plan of my essay. You need not fear for the execution of it, as I am sensible that, after I have made it as perfect as I can, it will have many imperfections, yet I know that I can finish in a manner equal to the introduction. I have made some progress, since I wrote last. The essay on laws will make a part of it. I will here give you an account of my studies, &c. On Monday I am preparing Damien's lectures from seven until half-past eight, except the quarter of an hour in which I say Corrie's grammar lecture, and

from nine till ten. From ten till twelve we are with him. His lectures are Simpson's elements of gram. and Bonnycastle's algebra. By the bye, the Ass's bridge is the tenth proposition of the geometry. From twelve to two I am preparing Belsham lectures in shorthand, and the Hebrew grammar, which I am saying till then. The shorthand is to write out eight verses, [of the] Bible. From half-past three till five I walk. From five to six, I have my g. grammar for the morning. At liberty from six to seven. From seven to eight, preparing Belsham's evening lectures in L[eviticus?] and Heb. With them from eight to nine. And from half after nine till eleven I am reading Dr. Price's lecture for the next day. On Tuesday I am from seven till h. p. eight preparing Corrie's classical lecture, only the time that I am saying my grammar. And again from nine to h. p. ten, from which time to h. p. eleven I attend Dr. Priestley's lecture in history. From then till a little after twelve is C.'s classical lecture, which is Sophocles one week and Quintilian the next. In the greek we have two of the old students, in the latin five. J[oseph] S[wanwick] is now in my classes, at first he was not. But on his requesting it, he is now with me. You will take care not to mention this. From

twelve till one, I am at Corrie's lecture in g. antiquities. With him till half-past one. From which till three I study my essay. Walking as before. From five till six, preparing my evening lecture in geography with Corrie, and my g. for the next day. And from seven to nine, except about half-an-hour at geography with Corrie, I again studying my essay. From half-past nine to eleven, reading David Hartley. I go on in the same course rest of the week, except the difference that not having Dr. P.'s lecture makes, and that I now study after supper on Saturday night. On Sundays, too, I am always idle. I like Hebrew very well, the mathematics very much. They are very much suited to my genius. The Reid whom I mentioned is about eighteen, a Bristol lad, and a pupil of Mr. Eslin. I was in town to-day. I was glad to hear of the increase of my yearly allowance, and of what Corrie told Rowmann. They are very well. I am sorry to hear that my mother is poorly. My love to her and Peggy.

I am,

Your affectionate son,

W. HAZLITT.

I forgot to give you an account of my expenses, and, as I am tired, shall defer till next time. I

have spent only 8s. since Thursday fortnight, though I have had everything I wanted. Adieu.

4.

Sunday Evening.

Dear Father,—I rec[d] your letter safely on Monday.

On the preceding Saturday, I finished the introduction to my essay on the political state of man, and shewed [it] to Corrie. He seemed very well pleased with it, and desired me to proceed with my essay as quickly as I could. After a few definitions, I give the following sketch of my plan.

'In treating on the political state of man, I 'shall, first, endeavour to represent his natural 'political relations, and to deduce from these his 'natural political duties, and his natural political 'rights; and secondly, to represent his artificial 'political relations, and to deduce from these his 'artificial political duties, and his artificial 'rights.' This I think an excellent plan. I wish I could recite it to my own satisfaction. I hope, however, to do it tolerably by Christmas. I have already got the greatest part of the ideas necessary, though in a crude and undigested

state; so that my principal business will [be] to correct and arrange them. But this will be a terrible labour, and I shall rejoice most heartily when I have finished it.

Corrie seemed much pleased with some of my translations this week.

I passed the Ass's Bridge very safely, and very solitarily, on Friday. I like Dominie (that is the name which Dr. Rees gave him) and his lectures very much.

A young fellow, whose name is Reid, is by much the cleverest of the students.

Since I wrote last, I have had seven more lectures in the week; and at a little after ten on Tuesday with Dr Priestley on history, and one every morning at nine in the greek grammar with Corrie.

I have been in town to-day, as I generally go once a fortnight. J. Swanwick was with me. John and Mary are very well. They are to come and drink tea with me on Saturday. Since I came here I have spent above eight guineas. You need not, however, be alarmed at this, as in future I shall not spend, or, at least, shall not spend more than five shillings a week. About a shilling a week for washing; about two for fire; another shilling for tea and sugar; and now another for candles, letters, &c. Books, furniture,

and other necessaries have run away with a good deal, but these expenses are extraordinary.

J. S. has had nine guineas from Mr. Lawrence, and being entirely stripped, he called at Lawrence's when we were in town to day. When he had told him his errand, the little gentleman seemed very much surprized, and said that he must write to his father about it. But, sir, says Jo, I have a farthing, and I'd be glad if you'd let me have a guinea. Well, well, if you want it, you may. But, as he did not offer to get it and as we were rather in haste, I whispered to Jo, that I would lend him some money, till he could procure his; and so away we came, a good deal diverted with the citizen's prudence.

The weather here is charming. We had some of the clearest days last week I ever saw.

My love to my mother and Peggy.

I am your affectionate son,

W. HAZLITT.

I have not read this letter; so you will correct any slips.

5.

[Hackney College, 1793.]

Dear father,—I was very sorry to hear from your two last letters that you wish me to discontinue my essay, as I am very desirous of

finishing it, and as I think it almost necessary to do so. For I have already completed the two first prop. and the third I have planned and shall be able to finish in a very short time; the fourth prop., which will be the last, will consist only of a few lines. The first section you know I have done for some time; and the first, second, and fourth propositions are exactly similar to the first, second, and fourth of the second section, so that I have little else to do than to alter a few words. The third will consist principally of observations on government, laws, &c., most of which will be the same with what I have written before in my essay on laws. My chief reason for wishing to continue my observations is, that, by having a particular system of politics I shall be better able to judge of the truth or falsehood of any prevarication which I hear, or read, and of the justice, or the contrary, of any political transactions. Moreover, by comparing my own system with those of others, and with particular facts, I shall have it in my power to correct and improve it continually. But I can have neither of these advantages unless I have some standard by which to judge of, and of which to judge by, any ideas, or proceedings, which I may meet with. Besides, so far is my studying this subject from making me gloomy or low-spirited, that I

am never so perfectly easy as when I am, or have been, studying it. With respect to theories, I really think them rather disserviceable than otherwise. I should not be able to make a good oration from my essay. It is too abstruse and exact for that purpose. I shall endeavour to write one on providence, which will, I think, be a very good subject. I shall certainly make it my study to acquire as much politeness as I can. However, this is not the best place possible for acquiring it. I do not at all say that the fellows who are here do not know how to behave extremely well; but the behaviour which suits a set of young fellows, or boys, does not suit any other society. This disadvantage, however, is of very little consequence, as little else is necessary to politeness than care and a desire of pleasing.

I have nothing new to add. My lectures go on as usual. We began the lectures on logic on Friday last. These, I fancy, will be easy and entertaining, though the students who have gone through them say they are not. We have two lectures a week on logic, which are on Wednesday and Friday. I was in town this day week. My brother and sister were very well. But I suppose you have heard from him since that time. He has not been here to-day. I wrote to J. Wickstead Friday week. Present my respects

to Mr. Jenkins; also to Mr. Rowe. Compliments to all inquirers. I hope my mother and P. are quite well before this time. I long to see you. I wish they could come too.

I am, dear father,

You aff. son,

W. HAZLITT.

I forgot to tell you that Corrie has not returned me the first part of my essay.

The next two letters seem to have been written from the residence of John Hazlitt, 139, Long Acre; but Hazlitt was still at Hackney. He was permitted to come up to town once a fortnight.

6.

London, Oct. 6th, 1793.

Dear father,—I rec^{d} your very kind letter yesterday evening. With respect to my past behaviour, I have often said, and I now assure you, that it did not proceed from any real disaffection, but merely from the nervous disorders to which, you well know, I was so much subject. This was really the case; however improbable it may appear. Nothing particular occurred from the time I wrote last till the

Saturday following. On the Wednesday before, C. had given me a thesis. As it was not a subject suited to my genius, and from other causes, I had not written anything on it; so that I was pleased to hear his bell on Saturday morning, which was the time for shewing our themes. When I came to him, he asked me whether I had prepared my theme. I told him I had not. You should have a very good reason, indeed, sir, says he, for neglecting it. Why really, sir, says I, I could not write it. Did you never write anything, then? says he. Yes, sir, I said, I have written some things. Very well, then, go along and write your theme immediately, said he. I accordingly went away, but did not make much progress in my theme an hour after, when his bell rang for another lecture. My eyes were much swollen, and I assumed as sullen a countenance as I could, intimating that he had not treated me well. After the lecture, as I was going away, he called me back, and asked me very mildly if I had never written anything. I answered, I had written several things. On which he desired me to let him see one of my compositions, if I had no objection. I immediately took him my essay on laws, and gave it to him. When he had read it, he asked me a few questions on the

subject, which I answered very satisfactorily, I believe. Well, sir, says he, I wish you'd write some more such things as this. Why, sir, said I, I intended to write several things, which I have planned, but that I could not write any of them in a week, or two or three weeks. What did you intend to write? says he. Among other things I told him that I intended to inlarge and improve the essay he had been reading. Aye, says he, I wish you would. Well! I will do it then, sir, said I. Do so, said he; take your own time now; I shall not ask you for it; only write it as soon as you can, for I shall often be thinking of it, and very desirous of it. This he repeated once or twice. On this I wished him a good morning, and came away, very well pleased with the reception I had met.

My course is as follows: on Monday at eleven I attend Dr. Rees on mathematics and algebra. This lecture lasts till twelve. At two I have a lecture, with several others, in shorthand, and one in Hebrew with Jo. Swanwick. These two detain us till dinner-time, and we have another lecture in shorthand and another in Hebrew at eight at night. On Tuesday we have a lecture with Corrie, at eleven, in the classics, one week Greek, another Latin, which continues till twelve; and another lecture with Corrie, on

Greek antiquities, from one to two. On Wednesday we have the same business as on Monday, on Thursday as on Tuesday, and so on.

The greek class which I have been in this week consists of two old students, J. Mason, and myself. I think that I translate more correctly and much better than any of them. The other day Mason was laughing at me, while I was translating a passage, on account of my way of speaking. Says Corrie to him, 'Mr. Mason, you should be sure you can translate yours as well as Mr. Hazlitt does his, before you laugh at your neighbours.'

I believe I am liked very well by the students in general. I am pretty well intimate with one of them, whose name is Tonson. J. Swanwick has been hitherto in a different class. But on applying to Corrie, he has been put into the same class with me. Farewell.

I am, your aff. son,

W. HAZLITT.

7.

[London] Sunday, Oct. 23rd, [1793.]

My dear father,—I write, not so much because I have anything particular to communicate, as because I know that you, and my mother, and

Peggy will be glad to hear from me. I know well the pleasure with which you will recognise the characters of my hand, characters calling back to the mind with strong impression the idea of the person by whom they were traced, & in vivid & thick succession, all the ready associations clinging to that idea, & the impatience with which you will receive any news which I can give you of myself. I know these things: & I feel them. Amidst that repeated disappointment, & that long dejection, which have served to overcast & to throw into deep obscurity some of the best years of my life, years which the idle & illusive dreams of boyish expectation had presented glittering, & gay, & prosperous, decked out in all the fairness and all the brightness of colouring, & crowded with fantastic forms of numerous hues [?] of ever-varying pleasure,—amidst much dissatisfaction and much sorrow, the reflection that there are one or two persons in the world who are [not] quite indifferent towards me, nor altogether unanxious for my welfare, is that which is, perhaps, the most "soothing to my wounded spirit."

Monday.

We have just received your letter. With respect to that part of it which concerns my

brother's business, I have information to give you of one new 7 guinea picture. As to my essay, it goes on, or rather it moves backwards & forwards; however, it does not stand still. I have been chiefly imployed hitherto in rendering my knowledge of my subject as clear & intimate as I could, & in the arrangement of my plan. I have done little else. I have proceeded some way in a delineation of the system, which founds the propriety of virtue on it's coincidence with the pursuit of private interest, & of the imperfections inseparable from it's scheme. I have written in all about half a dozen pages of shorthand, & have composed one or two good passages, together with a number of scraps & fragments, some to make their appearance at the head of my essay, some to be affixed to the tail, some to be inserted in the middle, & some not at all. I know not whether I can augur certainly of ultimate success. I write more easily than I did. I hope for good. I have ventured to look at high things. I have toiled long & painfully to attain to some stand of eminence. It were hard to be thrown back from the mid-way of the steep to the lowest humiliation. I must conclude. You will not fail to give my love, & all our loves, to my mother & Peggy. Give my love to J. S. Remember

me to Wicksteed & to Kynaston, when you see him. Compliments according to form. I am sorry Molly has been so ill. Farewell.

I am your affectionate son,

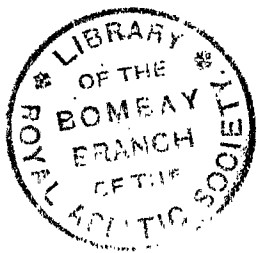
W. HAZLITT

The Rev. W. Hazlitt and his wife lie buried in the same grave in Crediton Churchyard. On the headstone is the following inscription: "Beneath this stone lie the remains of the late Rev^d. Will^m. Hazlitt, Died July 16^th 1820, in the 84^th year of his age. Also Grace, Wife of the above, died June 10^th, 1837, aged 90."

It is to be gathered from a letter from Dr. Kippis to Mr. Hazlitt that the income of the latter was derived from an annual grant out of the Presbyterian Fund, occasionally supplemented by special allowances, and doubtless by donations from the members of the flock.

In a letter of 1821, his widow dates from "Palace," meaning the remains of the episcopal palace, fitted up as a residence. Alphington, near Exeter, where the old lady lived during a

brief part of her widowhood, is remembered as the village, where Charles Dickens acquired a cottage for the use of his parents in their last days.



BETWEEN TWO PATHS

BETWEEN TWO PATHS: PAINTING AND LETTERS

The notions and theories which the writer of these juvenile news-letters thus propounded to his excellent father in and about 1790, might be traced in substance or principle, no doubt, in his riper work; he seems to have been in the habit of writing and re-writing his boyish conceptions, and the project for a New System of Civil and Criminal Legislation, commenced in these years, doubtless underwent repeated castigation before it appeared, after the author's death in the columns of the *Atlas* for 1832, where the publication was announced beforehand in the following terms. The Reform Bill of 1832 was then impending:—

NOTICE.

The importance of the great question that now almost exclusively occupies the public mind, and to which we have, in our present number,

sacrificed our ordinary departments of Literature and Criticism, justifies us in bespeaking the attention of our readers to a series of papers on constitutional government, the first of which we propose to publish on the 1st January, 1832. The intrinsic value of those papers is enhanced by the circumstance of their authorship, as they are from the pen of WILLIAM HAZLITT, and are now for the first time to be submitted to the public. In those articles, the distinguished author enters at large upon the philosophy of government, and defines political, personal, and moral rights, with a truth and eloquence of which we know hardly another example in our language. These posthumous productions may be said to contain

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

At the present moment these papers will be of more than ordinary interest. They appear at the era of the approaching triumph and confirmation of the principles for which HAZLITT suffered prosecution during his life, and died in neglect. We need hardly recommend them to all literary and political inquirers. They may be received as the most remarkable work of a

man who is admitted by his opponents to have been a profound thinker and a luminous writer.

While he remained at Wem, that historical interview took place between him and Samuel Taylor Coleridge in 1798, so vividly portrayed by my grandfather in print, and so familiar to the world of letters under the title of "My First Acquaintance with Poets." My grandfather was then a youth of twenty, and the meeting with Coleridge powerfully impressed him. It was almost like a newly-gained sense.

The famous artistic visit of Hazlitt to Paris in 1802 still awaits some farther elucidation. We have been made acquainted in the *Four Generations* with the circumstance which rendered the visit possible, and was the primary motive for it. His sister in her *Diary* says: "He spent the winter in Paris, working in the Louvre from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, suffering much from cold and many other deprivations. But he cared little for these things, while he had those noble specimens of genius before his eyes."

He brought away the annexed certificate:—

Mr. W. Hazlitt, the bearer of this, is an English painter, who has been studying for his improvement in the National Museum at Paris, and has made copies of the following pictures.—1st. Copy of the death of Clorinda, containing two figures as described in the Catalogue No. 852.—2dly. Copy of a portrait of a man in black, by Titian, No. 942.—3dly. Two sketches from the portrait of Hippolite de Medicis, by the same, No. 76.—4thly. Copy of two of the figures in the picture of the Marquis del Guasto, No. 70.—5thly. Titian's mistress, No. 74.—6thly. Sketch of three of the figures in the Transfiguration of Raphael.—7. A holy family, from Raphael, No. 935.—8. Another head from the Transfiguration.—9. Sketch of a head, from Tintoret.—10. The deluge, by Poussin, No. 82.

Musée Central Des Arts

Le Directeur Général du Musée certifie que M. Hazlitt s'est occupé dans la Galerie de la Copie mentionée dans la présente Declaration.

Fait au bureau du Musée le 12 Pluviose an 11.

Le Directeur Général,

DERRON.

One of his fellow-students was a certain Dr. Edwards, whom, he informs us, he had the good fortune to meet again during his tour in France and Italy in 1824. Edwards accompanied him in many of his visits to the sights of Paris. They frequented the fruit and flower market together, and my grandfather was enchanted by the politeness of the people with whom he came in contact. "What must the higher classes be, if these are so polished?" he remarked to his newly-recovered acquaintance. "You shall judge for yourself, if you like," the other replied; and he mentioned that he had a card for the Duchesse de Noaille's reception that very evening, and would take my grandfather with him. The former agreed, and they proceeded together. But Hazlitt was not so greatly struck—did not discern a proportionate difference. The duchess received in her bed-room, sitting at a card-table near her bed, a four-post one with a good deal of gilding about it. The adjoining apartments full of company and lacqueys, who also played at cards.

There was none of the stiffness of an English ceremony of the same class. My grandfather was introduced to the duchess, and stayed, till he was tired.

In a letter of January 15th, 1806, Lamb informs Hazlitt that Johnson the publisher had then promised to come to a decision in respect to the abridgement of the *Light of Nature Pursued* in a month. From a postscript to the present inedited and, unfortunately, mutilated one we readily infer that this term had not yet expired. It appears that Lamb had undertaken to procure for Hazlitt's cousin, Tom Loftus, a print or prints, so far without success. The "Tingry" returned by Lamb was the volume by P. F. Tingry, entitled, *The Painter's and Varnisher's Guide*, 8vo., 1804. The communication is twice endorsed, *Mr. Hazlitt* and *Mr. W. Hazlitt*, but did not pass through the post.

It may not be irrelevant to notice that Mr. Joseph Johnson the publisher, who had so much to do with the publications of my great-grandfather and his son, and whose name has already

repeatedly occurred in the *Four Generations*, 1897, died at his house at Walham Green, December 20th, 1809. The connection of Johnson with the Hazlitts dated from 1790.

8.

[January—February, 1806.]

Dear H.,—I send you Tingry (pro[mising you instruction] and [some] entertainment). I should not have delayed it [so] long, but have been waiting for Loftus's commission. I have made several graphical tours round & in the metropolis without discovering any trees that I would venture to recommend: id est, I have gone no further than the shop [window], for such is my modesty, that if I explored internal se[crets I] should be laying out complimentary shillings rather than give trouble without remuneration. I have sent you a pretty emblematical thing which I happen to have in my possession: you may get some hints from it, though perhaps you may think it too tame: not sufficiently romantic,—the boughs not shooting fantastically enough, &c. But to supply poetry & wildness, you may read the *American Farmer* over again. Nevertheless, if you desire it, I

will put my head within the shops—only speak your wants.

N.B.—If I do not hear in 4 days that you have received Tingry, &c., safe, I shall put you to the expence of a Letter to ascertain whether this parcel have [*sic*] been deliver'd to you.

Yours ever,

C. L.

Johnson shall not be forgot at his month's end.

A CURIOUS HISTORIETTE

A CURIOUS HISTORIETTE

TOWARD the close of the year 1807 a singularly strange and melodramatic incident happened. A report of the most circumstantial nature was circulated that William Hazlitt had died by his own hand; but I do not observe in the *Morning Post* of December 29th the passage cited below. The original instigator of this elaborate hoax is as unknown as the account of it, which I now for the first time print, and which still farther augments the store of letters addressed to the Lambs, at one time supposed to have without exception perished; but one is disposed to suspect that the whole affair was concocted between Lamb and Joseph Hume, of the Victualling Office, Somerset House, the common friends of the alleged victim of the tragedy; Hazlitt expressly charges the former, as we shall presently see, with being the ringleader. It is extremely difficult to appreciate, as one ought

perhaps to do, the humour of the business, and the jest strikes one as drawn out to its *maximum* possibility, yet it is evident enough that during a few days it occupied the attention of the actors in it, Hazlitt included, to a considerable extent. It may be regarded as a practical joke more characteristic of the boisterous hilarity of Lamb's earlier career than of a time when he had emerged from youth. He was now thirty-three; Hazlitt was in his twenty-ninth year, and had so far produced nothing beyond a metaphysical essay, a political pamphlet, and one or two compilations. Perhaps, however, none of the parties concerned regarded the matter seriously, since in Hazlitt's *Petition* there is no symptom or vestige of vexation or resentment. As to the "unfortunate passion" alluded to in the first letter, the marriage to Miss Stoddart was arranged, and took place on the 1st May following; and in the only letter preserved of the ante-nuptial period (although it is certain that many passed), that of January or February, 1808, her future husband, in

alluding to the report of his death, lays on it no stress, nor had the lady heard the news. It is well to remember, however, that Lamb was addicted to these mystifications, and in the letter of February 18th, 1808, to Hazlitt's father, there is a touch of the same sort of thing on a less serious scale. Hazlitt and he drew up that letter together.

Hume, though well known as a friend of the Lambs and of Hazlitt, has not hitherto found a place in the correspondence of either, because the papers to be presently given afford the sole testimony to any letters having passed between the parties. Hume had six daughters, to whom (or some of whom) there is a note in my volume of 1896 on *The Lambs*. Mr. Thomas Webster, of Kensington, has favoured me with the following account of them: "Amelia Hume became Mrs. Bunnett, and Julia married Vice-Admiral George Davies, R.N., and was the mother of Mrs. Todhunter (the wife of the eminent mathematician). Another of her daughters was my late wife, the well-known poetess, Augusta Webster." The

pleasantry, which occurs in the letter to these ladies, and other similar witticisms on the part of Lamb, might easily be supplied with prototypes in the received biographies of Swift and his contemporaries, of which Lamb could scarcely have been ignorant.

9.

C. Lamb to Joseph Hume

Alas, sir, I cannot be among you. My fate is still not to know on which side my bread is butter'd. I hang between two Engagements perpetually, and the worst always comes first. The Devil always takes care to clap in with a retainer when he sees God about to offer a fee—cold bones of mutton and leather-roasted potatoes at Pimlico at ten must carry it away from a certain Turkey and a contingent plumb-pudding at Montpelier at four (I always spell plumb-pudding with a *b*, p-l-u-m-*b*—I think it reads fatter and more suetty).

I suppose you know what has happen'd to our poor friend Hazlitt. If not, take it as I read it in the Morning Post or Fashionable World of this morning:—

"Last night Mr. H., a portrait painter in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, put an end to

his existence by cutting his throat in a shocking manner. It is supposed that he must have committed his purpose with a pallet-knife, as the edges of the cicatrice or wound were found besmeared with a yellow consistence, but the knife could not be found. The reasons of this rash act are not assigned; an unfortunate passion has been mentioned; but nothing certain is known. The deceased was subject to hypochondria, low spirits, but he had lately seemed better, having paid more than usual attention to his dress and person. Besides being a painter, he had written some pretty things in prose & verse."

God bless me, ten o'clock! I have cut out the paragraph, and will shew it you entire. I have not time to transcribe more.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

29 Dec., 1807.

10.

Joseph Hume to Charles Lamb.

My dear Sir,—I have this moment read a scrawl of 8 pages professing to be a petition with the signature of *W. Hazlitt*, written in a manner resembling that of our deceased friend;

and which ridiculously assumes him to be alive. There are some whacking sentences in it against me and particularly against you. I would therefore advise you not to go near his lodgings, lest you might meet with any body there; and judging that person (be he whom he may) to be the Impostor, your friendly rage and a laudable desire to protect your own character may urge you to be boisterous and pugilistic, much to your uneasiness and probably to the diminution of your purse. In the meantime, I will not rest till I have discovered who is the author of the manuscript before me (I guess him to be a Quaker).

In a day or two you shall see this abominable production: by which time I hope your wrath may be somewhat appeased.

Yours (with much emotion),

JOSEPH HUME.

V. O., 11 Jany., 1808.

P.S.—You have never called to let me know how the subscription goes on. Poor dear friend, we will contrive to pay the expenses for him as quick as possible!

[Endorsed]

Charles Lamb, Esq.,
Mitre Court Buildings,
Temple.

Here is the Petition promised in the last letter. So far from being "a scrawl," it is written in Hazlitt's peculiarly clear hand throughout, and is his largest extant contribution to epistolary literature:—

II.

The humble petition & remonstrance of William Hazlitt,* ——— now residing at No. 34, Southampton Buildings, in the parish of St Ann's, Holborn, shewing that he is not dead, as has been pretended by some malicious persons, calling themselves his *friends* (the better to conceal their base purposes), & praying that his funeral, for which he understands a paltry subscription has been entered into, may not take place as was intended.

* N.B.—A blank is here left which the modesty of the writer would not permit him to fill up. Perhaps he belonged to the class of *non-descripts* rather than any other. The opinion of the world was divided: some persons being inclined to regard him as a gentleman, and others looking upon him as a low fellow. It is hard to say whether he ought to be considered as an author, or a pourtrait-painter. It is certain that he never painted any pictures but those of persons that he hired to sit for him, and though he wrote a number of books, it does not appear they were ever read by any body.

This petition sheweth that the best way of proving clearly that a man is not dead is by setting forth his manner of life,

And, first, that he, the said W. Hazlitt, has regularly for the last month rang the bell at eleven at night, which was considered as a sign for the girl to warm his bed, & this being done, he has gone to bed, & slept soundly for the next twelve or fourteen hours.

Secondly, that every day about twelve or 1 o'clock he has got up, put on his clothes, drank his tea, & eat two plate-fulls of buttered toast, of which he had taken care to have the hard edges pared off as hurtful to the mouth & gums, & that he has then sat for some hours with his eyes stedfastly fixed upon the fire, like a person in a state of deep thought, but doing nothing.

Thirdly, that not a day has passed in which he has not eat & drank like other people. For instance, he has swallowed eight dozen of pills, nine boluses, & as many purgative draughts of a most unsavoury quality. What he has fed on with the most relish has been a mess of chicken-broth, & he has sent out once or twice for a paper of almonds & raisins. His general diet is soup-meagre with bread,

& milk for supper. That it is true that the petitioner has abstained both from gross feeding & from all kinds of intoxicating liquors; a circumstance, he conceives, so far from denoting a natural decay & loss of his faculties, that on the contrary it shews more wisdom than he was always possessed of.

Fourthly, that in regard to decency he has been known to walk out at least once a week to get himself shaved.

Fifthly, that growing tired of his sedentary posture, he has occasionally got up from his chair & walked across the room (not as an *automaton* or a dead man pulled with wires might be supposed to do, but with an evident intention to [*sic*] his manner of rising, & an inequality in his gait, resembling a limp). At one time he turned the front of his great picture to the light, but finding the subject painful to him, he presently turned it to the wall again. Also, that he has twice attempted to read some of his own works, but has fallen asleep over them.

Sixthly, that the said W. H. has, it being Christmas time, received several invitations to entertainments & parties of pleasure, which he politely declined; but that on occasions he has generally about the hour of four in the

afternoon been tormented with the apparition of a fat goose or a sirloin of beef.

Seventhly, that in compliment to the season, & to shew a fellow-feeling with his absent friends, he has ordered a wine-glass & a decanter of water to be set upon the table, & has drank off a glass or two, making a shew as if it were port or sherry, but that he desisted from this practice after a few trials, not finding it answer.

Eighthly, be it known that the person, concerning whom such idle reports are prevalent, has actually within the given time written a number of love-letters, & that a man must be dead indeed, if he is not alive when engaged in that agreeable employment. And lest it should be suggested that these epistles resemble Mrs. Rowe's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, being just such vapid, lifeless compositions, it may be proper to state, by way of counteracting any such calumny, that on the contrary they are full of nothing but ingenious conceits & *double entendres*, without a single *grave* remark or sickly sentiment from beginning to end. Farther that they had some life in them, he is assured by the quickness of the answers, which he received with that sort of pleasing titillation & gentle palpitation common to flesh and blood, reading

them with alternate smiles & sighs, & once letting fall a tear at a description given by the lady of the ruinous state of a cottage or tenement, which he hopes one day to call his own.

It should also be especially noted that within the last three weeks he has borrowed money of his friends, which was at all times his constant custom.

Again, that he has held more than one argument which nobody could understand but himself. Indeed his ideas seemed so thin & attenuated that they may be thought not unlike the notions of a disembodied spirit. But it should be remembered that his conversation was in general of that kind that it was difficult to make head or tail of it.

That he has made several good resolutions to be put in practice as soon as he recovers, which he hopes shortly to do without undergoing the ancient ceremony of sacrificing a Cock to Æsculapius: as namely to live better than he has lately done, not to refuse an invitation to a haunch of venison, nor to decline drinking to a lady's health, to pay a greater attention to cleanliness, and to leave off wenching, as injurious both to the health & morals.

That as it is possible he may not after all be able to defeat the arts of his calumniators, who may persuade the young lady before alluded to that the petitioner is a dead man, not able to go through the ordinary functions of life, that he has therefore formed divers plans for his future maintenance & creditable appearance in the world, as writing a tragedy, setting up quack-doctor, or entering into holy orders.

That as the most effectual means of suppressing such insinuations for the future, & to prevent his friends from persevering in their misrepresentations, it may be proper to inform them that they will *get* nothing by his death, whenever it happens.

Lastly, as there are some appearances against him, & as he is aware that almost every thing goes by appearances, in case it should be determined that he is a dead man & that he must be buried against his will, he submits to this decision, but with two provisos, first, that he shall be allowed to appear as chief mourner at his own funeral, secondly that he shall have liberty to appoint Joseph Hume, Esq., of the Victualling Office his executor & administrator of his effects, as a man of prudence and discretion, well-looked on in the world, & as

the only person he knows, who will not be witty on the occasion! *

The said effects & valuables should be principally appropriated to pay his apothecary's & washer-women's bills.

Here follows a schedule of those of the greatest account:—

1. A picture of an old woman, painted in strong shadow, nearly invisible. Valued at 5 pounds.
2. *Sketch of a large picture of Count Ugolino, the canvass as good as new. Valued at 15s.
3. A nymph and Satyr.—As there is something indecent in the subject, it is suggested that, if a prosecution could be procured against it by the Society for the suppression of vice, it might then be disposed of by raffle to great advantage.
4. Three heads of the father of Dr. Stoddart, in naval uniform, done from description. It is supposed they will do equally well for any other naval officer, deceased, who has

* Alas, vain are the hopes of man! How are we deceived to the very last! It is plain the writer had not at this time seen a burlesque account of his last illness & miserable exit written by this very friend in whom he trusted, in a vein of irony & humour, shewing a turn for satirical description, but reflecting little credit on the feelings of his heart.

left behind him pious relatives. Their value will depend on the fancy of the purchaser.

5. A parcel of rubbishly copies of old masters. —It is proposed that Mr. Tickell should have the refusal of these, as he will easily be able to dispose of them as originals. The price to be left to his generosity.

6. A bundle of manuscripts, exceedingly abstruse & unintelligible. It is hoped they may occasion great disputes among the learned. If they are refused by the booksellers, they may be offered to the British Museum for a trifling sum, which if not advanced they may be deposited there for the inspection of the curious.

7, & lastly, a small Claude Lorraine mirror, which Mr. Lamb the other evening secretly purloined after a pretended visit of condolence to his sick friend; & which will doubtless be found shamelessly hung up in the chambers of the fraudulent possessor as a final trophy & insult over the memory of the deceased. It is probable that when charged with this irregular transfer of property he will say that it was won at a game at cribbage. But this is an entirely false pretence.

With all the sincerity of a man doubtful between life & death, the petitioner declares that he looks upon the said Charles Lamb as the ring-leader in this unjust conspiracy against him, & as the sole cause & author of the jeopardy he is in: but that as losers have leave to speak, he must say, that, if it were not for a poem he wrote on Tobacco about two years ago, a farce called Mr. H—— he brought out last winter with more wit than discretion in it, some prologues & epilogues he has since written with good success, & some lively notes he is at present writing on dead authors, he sees no reason why he should not be considered as much a dead man as himself, & the undertaker spoken to accordingly.

A true copy.

W. HAZLITT

Dated Sunday the 10th of Jany.

1808.

P.S.—Whereas it is scandalously & falsely asserted in a written paper circulated at the expence of the above-named W. H. that he has been heard to spout amourous verses, & sing licentious ditties & burthens of old songs with his latest breath, a number of penny ballads & verses being also strewed about his room in an indecent manner, he begs leave to state that the

only song he has once thought of of late is the Cuckoo song, but that this has run a good deal in his head, & that he has often broken out into the following verse,

"Mocks married men from tree to tree."

Also once, upon receiving some expressions of tender concern & anxious inquiries into the cause of his illness from a person that shall be nameless, he sung in a faint manner the following parody on two lines in the Beggar's Opera:—

"For on the pill that cures my dear,
"Depends poor Polly's life!"

[Endorsed]
Joseph Hume, Esq.,
Victualling Office,
Somerset Place.

The post-mark is: "12 o'clock, Ja. 11, 1808."

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED

THERE succeeds a long letter (four pages folio) from Lamb to Hume, without any subscription, but signed all over :—

12.

Charles Lamb to Joseph Hume.

12 January, 1808.

Dear Sir,—The strange rumours which have been spread about since the death of our respected friend, as well as some things which have come under my own observation, which I do not care to trust to the ordinary communication of a Post, but reserve them for the especial confidence of your most valued ear in private,—these things, without much help from a rainy day or time of the year which usually disposes men to sadness, have contributed to make me not a little serious and thoughtful of late. I have run over in my mind the various treatises which I have perused in the course of a studious, and, I hope, innocently employed life, on the

nature of disembodied Spirits & the causes of their revisiting the earth. The fact I will take for granted; presuming that I am not addressing an Atheist. I find the most commonly assigned reason to be, *for the revealing of hidden Treasures which the Deceased had hoarded up in his or her Lifetime.* Now though I cannot sufficiently admire the providence of God who by this means has ofttimes restored great heaps of Gold & Silver to the circulation of the Living, thereby sparing the iterately plowed and now almost effœte wombs of Peru & Mexico, which would need another Sarah's miracle to replenish, yet in the particular case of the Defunct I cannot but suspect some other cause, and not this, to have called him from his six foot bed of earth. For it is highly improbable that He should have accumulated any such vast treasures, for the revealing of which a miracle was needed, without some suspicion of the fact among his friends during his Lifetime. I for my part always looked upon our dear friend as a man rich rather in the gifts of his mind than in earthly treasures. He had few rents or comings in, that I was ever aware of, small (if any) landed property, and by all that I could witness he subsisted more upon the well-timed contributions of a few chosen friends who knew his

worth, than upon any Estate which could properly be called his own. I myself have contributed my part. God knows, I speak not this in reproach. I have never taken, nor indeed did the Deceased offer, any *written acknowledgments* of the various sums which he has had of me, by which I could make the fact manifest to the legal eye of an Executor or Administrator. He was not a Man to affect these niceties in his transactions with his friends. He would often say, Money was nothing between intimate acquaintances, that Golden Streams had no Ebb, that a Purse mouth never regorged, that God loved a chearful giver but the Devil hated a free taker, that a paid Loan makes angels groan, with many such like sayings: he had always free and generous notions about money. His nearest friends know this best. Induced by these considerations I give up that commonly received notion of Revealable Treasures in our friend's case. Neither am I too forward to adopt that vulgar superstition of some hidden Murder to be brought to light; which yet I do not universally reject: for when I revolve, that the Defunct was naturally of a discoursible and communicative temper (though of a gloomy and close aspect, as born under Saturn), a great repeater of conversations which he generally carried

away verbatim & would repeat with syllabic exactness in the next company where he was received (by which means I that have staid at home have often reaped the profit of his travels without stirring from my elbow chair), I cannot think that if He had been present at so remarkable circumstance as a murder he would so soon have forgotten it as to make no mention of it at the next place where he dined or supt, or that he could have restrained himself from giving the particulars of a matter of fact like that in his life time. I am sure I have often heard him dilate upon occurrences of a much less interesting sort than that in question. I am most inclined to support that opinion which favors the Establishing of some Speculative Point in Religion: a frequent cause, says Wierus, for Spirits returning to the Earth, to confute Atheists, &c. When I consider the Education which our friend received from a venerable Parent, his religious destination, his nurture at a Seminary appropriated to young Ministers: but whatever the cause of this re-appearance may prove to be, we may now with truth assert that our deceased friend has attained to one object of his pursuits, one hour's separate existence gives a dead man clearer notions of metaphysics than all the treatises which in this state

of carnal entanglement the least-immersed spirit can out-spin. It is good to leave such subjects to that period when we shall have no Heads to ache, no brains to distort, no faces to lengthen no clothes to neglect. Had our dear friend attended to this, he might have shewn his airy form in courts & ball rooms, whispered the fair, ogled, sung, danced, and known just as much of those subjects as it is probable he ever knew previous to his death: for I always take it, that a disposition to such sort of enquiries . . . . . , and ends in lunacy and dirty linen. You have my opinions.

[No signature.]

[Endorsed]
J. Hume, Esq.
Victualling Office,
Somerset House.

I have to give, as next in order, a very long epistle from Hume to Lamb on the same subject, sent by hand.

13.

Joseph Hume to Charles Lamb.

Vain, my dear friend, were my promises to you of discovering the person who has tried to impose upon me a spurious epistle of our un-

fortunate friend, alas no more! On reading it a second time some circumstances arose in my mind that you, with your well-known ingenuity, will turn [it] to such an account as may eventually be successful in detecting this base business.

The inclosure is evidently built by some one who has seen the epistle which, in the swelling sorrow of my heart, I lately sent you. You, dearest Sir, must know what is due to your honor and friendship better than to have shewn that confidential effusion to a living soul. How could the writer of the inclosed have seen it then? Probably you have had your pocket picked? Where have you visited? In what situations have you been with my letter in your pocket? Trace your diaries, my dear Sir, and we may have a clue. How could the writer have obtained our poor friend's hand writing, for it is evidently copied, and copied well? Had he an Amanuensis? Perhaps some Printer's Devil who, having in our friend's life time been perpetually wearied with his manuscripts, has determined (an odd sort of a revenge you will say) to *weary* other people by *copying* him—haud equis passibus, that is—not quite so obscurely or (if you please) metaphysically.

The task were easy to prove the imposture.

Indeed the work detects itself. I will give you a few hasty instances taken promiscuously, for you cannot dip amiss where it is clear that you or I or Johnny Nokes or Tom Stiles might have written it as easily as He who did write it.

1st. He says "that the best way of proving *clearly* that a man is not dead is by setting forth his manner of life." Now, Sir, we have a ful and detailed account of what was said and done by Thommy Hickathrift and Seneca, by Jack the Giant Killer and Dr. Samuel Johnson long after they were dead: and nobody either on a principle of revenge, craft, or any other unknown motive has had the effrontery to pretend, as in the case before us, that those worthy personages did not die at the time stated by their friends. It hurts me to think that you and I, such highly respectable characters, the delight of our friends, the envy of the learned, the soul of &c., &c., &c., should have our veracity doubted by an unknown scribbler, who to give the devil his due, writes with ingenuity and archness, when I am confident that, had the news of his own death reached our poor friend's ears dispensed from our mouths he, depending on our scrupulous love of truth, would insensibly have believed the tale. But to proceed.

2dly. He says that on a morning he eats "*two plate fulls* of buttered toast." That's a good one! I have him there! *I know* that he scarcely, when he was *not* in love, ever ate any breakfast.

3dly. He talks of getting himself shaved. Now the ladies who were the most IMMEDIATELY acquainted with him, much to their uneasiness and probably (between you and I) at the expence of *their chins*, declare he never shaved at all.

3dly. That he had *fallen asleep* reading his own works. This beats everything. Why, Mr. Malthus would not do that. Poke into any Church in any corner of the Kingdom, where every individual within the walls are sound asleep in the very preface of the sermon, the preacher who made it is wide awake. To think my poor friend would have written such a sarcasm on himself and which discovers such ignorance in the art of authorship, and authorly feelings!

4thly. He talks about refusing Xmas dinners, and having the apparitions of geese, &c., haunting him.

The vein of this sentence denotes it to be written by a man appalled by the recollection of one standing, as it were, in the shoes of the defunct. It breathes the air of one with a tomb

in his view; and not of one who, like our friend, has been long entombed.

5thly. He speaks of writing love Letters *con amore*; and throws something like a slight on Mrs. Rowe's works. Our friend, a dissenter or what is almost as bad, educated for one, would not have done this. Nay.

6thly. He is made to say (preposterous, he cold in his grave!) that he had imployed his great mind in writing *double entendres*! (By the Lord if we do but catch the wretch we'll have him hanged). *Double Entendres*! Merciful Father!!! Why, my dear friend, when I, in my conversations with him would happen to let out, not wantonly, but in the regular run of one's ideas, a sentence, which I should quote from my Father, then an aged and respectable Gentleman and a Dissenter too, that might not altogether square with the most squeamish and maidenly delicacy, his brow would be contracted and his mouth would make those kinds of convulsive motions that are prognostic of a man ready to sp—w. No, no, the man of the lowest order in tracing human character cannot be duped here. By the way, *Double Entendres* from a Man in love! Too absurd, too absurd! that he should frequent the Stews! It makes me stew to think on it.

7thly. Borrows money of his friends. That won't do, neither, You and I, my charitable friend, would do as much as most men in the way of friendship. But when we reflect on the forlorn state of poor *H———'s* (this is no *Farce*, by all that's sacred) mind, his recent moping melancholy and his patter about his "Mistress's eye brows," we should not have been silly enough to have lent him money to have played at chuck-farthing with, or to have wasted it in some such wayward way. Besides he would never have thought of borrowing money, when he knew he had occasion for none. With respect to dress, in his gayest days he never was much famed as a beau: and a man in love, deep, too, as he was, has an immemorial sanction from Ovid down to himself to be slattern. Rags and Slovenry are the ornaments, the high-day livery of the tender passion. With respect to food, he wanted none that bakers know, or cooks can conjure up. He could receive no enjoyment (as some folks can) on Turkey dinners. Eat in prospective Feasts he could not partake, and feel exultation in writing about them in a manner that made every line look as if it were written with grease and gravy. No, no. He had better fare. A smile from his mistress was a dozen

dinners to him. And the last words of her last Billet such as

"Adieu,
Your ever faithful
Laura,"

supported him, to my knowledge, till the next time he saw her. What are money, food, and raiment to such a man! I wish he had lived! He would have cost us *less* than his death will. For we shall yet have to pay his Bills, which he, poor man, doubtless in his life time did pay; but, his tricking tradespeople knowing the state he was in, tho' without knowing, as we did, the fair and unfortunate cause of it, never, I venture to assert, gave receipts for the money they had. However I shall not grudge to pay my share. You know tis the last thing we can do for him. I fear I shall be prolix. But how captivating the subject!

8thly. "Ideas thin, attenuated, disembodied spirit."

Apply to this what has been suggested in my 4th Remark.

9thly. No body could make head or tail of his conversation? It might be so to such a body as wrote this pitiful sarcasm. We, who are judges of good argument, know that he was

all illumination: *lucidus ordo* was his *maximus* Apollo; more especially—LATTERLY.

10thly. He was a man of spirit in his better days. He therefore would have been ashamed, on his own account and much more so as an example for the well being of society, to cast out of human conduct the habit of wenching. Whereas our poor sneaking moralist (A Quaker, by G—d!) would debauch the lips of our friend by presuming he uttered his worse than sneer on the noble habit, by pretending that it was a deviation of moral rectitude.

I shall pass by the wit and jokes, for the fellow is clever there, and come to my more serious charges against this felonious Scribbler.

11thly. Fearful that some one may, some time or other, detect this fraud, he paves the way for his defence, by beginning in a half-doubting manner, and talking about appearances being against my Friend being alive. In G—d's name, a man must be either dead or alive. This very circumstance opens to my mind a field of conjecture. For when I consider that the writer wants to insinuate that poor H—— (Have a care, Mr. Lamb. Strive to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead, especially of the *murdered* dead). I mean most seriously by *Mr. H——* no other than my deceased *Friend* Mr. William

Hazlitt. I say the writer wants to insinuate that he has left no property except a few contemptible moveables that for their *size*, or want of value, were not worthy to be purloined by him. But yet he values those things with consummate artifice.

1st. The picture of the old Woman not above 2 or 3 feet square of canvas to be valued at £5 • 0 whereas the large Count upon Canvas at only 15 shillings. I being an Housekeeper and having lately paid £2. 17. 3½, bating discount, for a new Hall Cloth, know full well that the canvas in question would more easily and with less expence be painted for a Floor Cloth in consequence of the dear man having paid one side of it so unmercifully with paint than a piece of unpainted canvas. I think it would do nicely for your Pantry. You know how partial he was to your Pantry. To be sure the picture, like a cork in a bottle, would be troublesome to get out; and more troublesome to guess how it got in.

The Nymph & Satyr our keen Impostor says is something *indecent* forsooth. He that talk'd just now about our Friend loving Double Entendres!!

The 4th, 5th, & 6th articles of the pitiful Inventory that has been artfully saved from the

cupidity of this ( ) (fill up the blank as you like, I have exhausted abuse)—these articles I say are severe sarcasms on our Friend as a Painter and as an Author.

My heart has been so overcharged with grief for our loss that I have passed over what has been said against me: but surely I may be allowed to say that where in a note he accuses me of not having much feeling of Heart—he is very cruel. Gracious Heaven—not possess feeling of Heart! I that wrote to you, (and the wretch some how or other, God knows how, must have seen the Letter) a Letter written in an agony of sorrow (but I am a man of sorrows) as if my heart's blood was staining the paper:—I no feeling of heart when you must remember how we both "bedewed his lackered plate." Indeed, indeed— this— this thi— thi— (But I cannot go on, my tears intercept my sight—my white and damp cambric pocket hand[k]. unfortunately has fallen on the ground.—I must change the subject.—I no feeling of Heart! What would he have? "Must I drink up Eisel?" Eat a Crocodile?

My dear Sir—what is still worse, he next accuses you of (I am almost ashamed to mention it)—accuses you of thieving a small Claude Lorraine mirror. He accuse another of a *theft*,

"But the Thief calls the Lawyer a cheat.

Considering now the whole circumstances of the case, particularly his mal-appretiation of the refuse of our friend's valuable moveables, I am fully persuaded that some person very much like him has taken possession of his Lodgings immediately after his death, and gives himself out to be our quondam W. H. A fact that corroborates this inference is this. "I met William Hazlitt yesterday, says my friend Dr. Y——s." That is impossible, said I, for he is dead and buried. If ever I saw him in my life, he replied, I *did* see him yesterday. You are certainly wrong, rejoined I with some vehemence. Then, said the Dr., I never saw two people so much alike. The Dr. was convinced, and so the conversation ended. By the way—has Emily a sweetheart? What a convenient thing it would be for him to pop into those Lodgings and smuggle for themselves all his nice goods and chattels. But, my dear sir—far be it from me—I only just hint—the girl is good, I dare say—love is blind to the faults of the beloved. I shall close by saying that in no part of the long Petition or Letter or what d'ye call it—is it directly asserted, that William Hazlitt is not dead. It is all appeal and inference. Don't you smoke these—the broad brimm'd hat? Eye?

12th Jany., 1808.

I have a mighty fancy (cannot you manage it?) to see this Usurper! But you must mind how you go about it. Go to Southampton Buildings, give a single knock as if it were the Baker or Tallow Chandler, run upstairs before he has time to run off or hide himself, or before anybody can say he is not at home. When you nab him: ask him to come to see me next Sunday. Say I am a very stupid fellow: can hardly see one man from another, &c. My motive is this—to convince some incredulous friends that will have it he is alive or that (as you seem to say, of which more anon) *he still walks*. If he come, I will note down all the points of his exterior and interior that differ from poor Hazlitt, which will be confirmations strong. If he do not come *all the world* will believe his death, for all the world know that he could always smell an *Aitch-bone* 4 miles off. He has done it a hundred times. Remember I don't ask you or your sister to come too.* Not I

Joseph Hume.

13 Jany., 1808, at 10½ o'Clock.

* I shouldn't wonder if the Lambs were to pop upon us (Mrs. Hume) next Sunday at 4 o'Clock, just as the Beef is smoaking on the Table? "I dare say they will (my dear) if it is at all a tolerable day: they have not been here some time."

11 o'Clock, 13 Jan., 1808.

I thank you for your opinions. I entirely agree with them. But alas! you have hung yourself on a peg from which weightier persons have fallen.

How *finely* (says Sterne), how finely can we reason upon mistaken facts. I wish he did walk, if only to tweak the nose of him who has supplanted him. Alas, his earthly "table is *full*":—*he* is—"where he is eaten."

J. H.

Excuse me: in my last note I forgot the black sealing wax, &c.: but sorrow, heart-felt sorrow, attends not to punctilios.

[Endorsed]
Mr. Lamb.

The group closes with a comparatively brief note from Hume to Hazlitt, deprecating the indirect manner in which certain persons have been making efforts to defame him, and particularly warning him against Lamb. Lamb's letter, to which Hume refers, is, I conclude, that of the 12th January already introduced:—

14.

Dear Sir,—I don't know what a parcel of your Friends, or rather foes, are about, but I the other day received in the form of a Petition some stuff and farrago about your death: and I have had sent me this morning by a very mysterious conveyance a Letter not signed (I enclose it), but which I would swear is Mr. Lamb's writing. I don't like that Lamb; Look to him; I hate snakes in the grass. I say let a man, if he has a grudge against a friend, out with it; and not be scribbling and scrawling backwards & forwards every day or two, and secretly abusing one. For God's sake come down here, and convince those silly fellows, to say the least of it, that talk about your death that you are alive.

Yours until death,

JOSEPH HUME.

P.S.—"A living dog is better than a dead Lion."—*Solomon.*

To W. Hazlitt, Esq

HAZLITT'S EARLIER MARRIED LIFE

HAZLITT'S EARLIER MARRIED LIFE AND RELATIONS WITH PATMORE

So we part with one of the oddest episodes in the entire range of the Lamb correspondence, and pass on to a letter of three folio pages, written by Hazlitt, from Salisbury, to his wife staying with the Lambs. It may not be an exaggeration to speak of it as one of the most remarkable, pleasantest, and wholesomest that remain to us. I attribute it to April, 1809. The Lambs did not go into Wiltshire till the autumn.

15.

W. Hazlitt to his Wife.

[Salisbury, April, 1809.]

Sunday evening.

My dear Sarah,—I begin on a large sheet of paper though I have nothing new to fill a half one. Both parcels of prints came safe, & I need hardly say that I was glad to see them

& that I thank you exceedingly for getting them for me. I am much obliged to you for your trouble in this as well as about the pictures. Your last letter but one I did not receive in time to have come up to see them before Friday (the day then fixed for the sale), & though I got your letter on Friday time enough to have been with you yesterday morning, I did not feel disposed to set out. The day was wet & uncomfortable, & the catalogue did not tempt me so much as I expected. There were a parcel of Metaus & Terburghs & boors smoking, & ladies at harpsichords, which seemed to take up as much room as the St. Cecilia, the Pan & St. George, the Danae & the Ariadne in Naxos. Did Lamb go to the sale, & what is the report of the pictures? But I have got my complete set of Cartoons, "here I sit with my doxies surrounded," & so never mind. I just took out my little copy of Rembrandt to look at, & was so pleased with it, I had almost a mind to send it up, & try whether it might not fetch two or three guineas. But I am not at present much in the humour to incur any certain expence for an uncertain profit. With respect to my painting, I go on something like Satan, through moist & dry, something glazing & sometimes scumbling, as it happens, now on the wrong side

of the canvas & now on the right, but still persuading myself that I have at last found out the true secret of Titian's golden hue & the oleaginous touches of Claude Lorraine. I have got in a pretty good background, & a *conception* of the ladder which I learned from the upping stone on the down, only making the stone into gold, & a few other improvements. I have no doubt there was such another on the field of Luz, & that an upping stone is the genuine Jacob's ladder. But where are the angels to come from? That's another question, which I am not yet able to solve. My dear Sarah, I am too tired & too dull to be witty, & therefore I will not attempt it. I did not see the superscription of the wrapping paper till this morning, for which I thank you as much as for the prints. You are a good girl, & I must be a good boy. I have not been very good lately. I do not wish you to overstay your month, but rather to set off on the Friday. You will, I hope, tell me in your next about M^rs. Holcroft & the books. If the sale had been the 23^rd, I intended to have come up, & brought them with me. Our new neighbour arrived the day after you went. I have heard nothing of her but that her name is Armstead, nor seen anything of her till yesterday & the day before, on one of which

days she passed by our house in a blue pelisse, & on the other in a scarlet one. She is a strapper, I assure you. Little Robert & his wife still continue in the house. They returned the coals, but I sent them back, thinking they would be badly off perhaps. But yesterday they walked out together, he as smart as a buck, & she skipping & light as a doe. It is supper time, my dear, & I have been painting all day, & all day yesterday, & all the day before, & am very, very tired, & so I hope you will let me leave off here, & bid you good night. I inclose a 1£ note to Lamb. If you want another, say so. But I hope your partnership concern with Mr. Phillips will have answered the same purpose.

I am ever yours affectionately,
W. HAZLITT.

Before you come away, get Lamb to fix the precise time of their coming down here.

[Endorsed]
Mr. Lamb,
India House,
London.

The Hazlitts had had several disappointments before their only living representative appeared

in 1811, and produced that singularly fine letter from Lamb printed in all the editions. The subjoined copy of doggerel verses seems to have been composed by some one intimate with the circle on the same auspicious occasion :—

There lives at Winterslow a man of such
Rare talents and deep learning, that by much
Too wise he's counted by his country neighbours;
And all his learned literary labours
Occasion give for many a wild surmise.
Even his person in their rustic eyes
Has somewhat strange in it, his sallow looks,
His deep o'erhanging brows when o'er his books
(Which written are in characters unknown)
He pores whole hours with a most solemn frown.
And then this wise man's wife they all well know
Is sister to a learned Doctor too.
But we will leave the rustics to their wonder,
And simply tell what truly happen'd under
This wise man's roof. He and his wife believ'd,
If by no inauspicious star deceiv'd,
The time was very fast approaching when
(To crown the labours of his brain and pen)

A nameless Spirit, for whose sake his brains
And pen he wore out, would reward his pains
By visible appearance in their view.
It was not from the magic art they drew
This inference. Lo! when the Spirit came,
The long expected One without a name,
For whose sweet sake all this was undergone,
They call'd it William and their own dear Son.

These lines might be anybody's—but a poet's; the writing is that of Mrs. Hazlitt, and it is probably a copy.

Hazlitt, when the subjoined note was written, was probably preparing those Lectures which he subsequently delivered at the London Institution in 1812, and which are described in the Memoirs of 1867. Whatever difficulties and drawbacks he may have suffered, the position taken up by him at this time was in some respects superior to what the same class or classes of employment conferred at a later period, except in a few cases. Competition was far less severe, and the pay was better. When my father had been some years on the press, the system of farming the parliamentary reports

was commenced by Doogood, a native of Bodmin, in Cornwall. My father thought his name a *curiosa infelicitas*, for he did others a good deal of harm and himself very little good. Hardy, to whom Hazlitt here addressed himself, is presumed to be the same fellow with whom Lamb is found in correspondence in 1824 on behalf of Miss Mary Hazlitt, one of the group of lady-novelists, who, about this date, worried him nearly to death. He appears to have been, unless I am mistaken in his identity, a person possessed of a certain share of influence, as well as one of those obliging characters in various walks of life, with whom necessitous men of genius open relations. Usually, if they are not professional money-lenders, they are tailors; occasionally we meet with them in the ranks of butchers and crockery-dealers; but Hardy was a boot-maker in Fleet Street. In 1824 he was to be found at Queen's Square, Pimlico; possibly he had then retired, and was turning his attention to what Elia terms somewhere the Bell-Letters.

16[illegible]

Winterslow,
Salisbury.

Dear Sir,—I was obliged to leave London without discharging my promise. The reason of which was that I was myself disappointed in not receiving 20£ which was due to me, 10£ for a picture, & 10£ for revising a manuscript. I am at present actually without money in the house. If you can defer it till October, when I shall be in London to deliver some Lectures, by which I shall pick up some money, I shall esteem it a favour, and shall be glad to pay you the interest from the time I was in London last. Hoping this delay will be no particular inconvenience, & that you will think it unavoidable on my part, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
W. HAZLITT.

Sunday evening.

[Endorsed]
Mr. Hardy,
Boot-Maker,
Fleet Street,
London.

In the correspondence with Patmore, printed in the *Memoirs* of 1867, under June, 1822, Hazlitt is found pressing him to go to South-

ampton Buildings, where the Walkers kept a lodging-house, as we have so often heard, and endeavour to discover how matters stood in regard to Sarah Walker. It accordingly appears that Patmore was in March, 1822, an inmate—whether on his own account or Hazlitt's it is difficult to say, but he went there at his friend's request, and was a stranger to the family. The divorce was pending, and his correspondent was anxious to learn whether Miss Walker was likely to receive favourably a proposal of marriage. Oddly enough, Patmore seems to have played a part analogous to that of one of the characters in Maupassant's *Ce Cochon de Morin*, and, still more oddly, Hazlitt was not apparently displeased by the action of his ambassador or scout, who, in his report, was at least not wanting in candour: at any rate what came to his ears helped to disillusionize his principal, and to bring the farce to a climax. So far, so good.

We gain our knowledge of some of these particulars from a MS. entirely in Hazlitt's hand, extending to eleven pages, and forming a

Diary from March 4th to 16th (1822), in which he has registered, so far as we can judge, the proceedings of Patmore during that period; and the narrative essentially differs from the one already in type, the only MS. of which is believed to be in Patmore's hand. The present one is very carelessly written, and in some places is almost illegible. It has the advantage of being much briefer than the text generally known, to which it may be treated as a sort of sequel, and it contains several interesting literary and theatrical allusions peculiar to itself. To what extent these are genuine records of the heroine's opinions, however, who shall say? From the manner in which Miss Walker refers to Procter, it is apparent that she speaks from personal knowledge; he probably visited Hazlitt at Southampton Buildings.

Whatever may be thought of Patmore's share in the affair, his sympahy with Hazlitt, real or assumed, as well as that of Sheridan Knowles, was, no doubt, eminently welcome and serviceable at the time.

As regards the orthography of Patmore's name, I observe that in the list of contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, drawn up about 1825, and printed in Willis's *Current Notes* for October, 1851, occurs: "Pattmore, Charles, Pawnbroker, Ludgate Hill." This was, of course, the father of Peter George, and his enrolment must have been a *jeu d'esprit*—probably by his son.

The T. so frequently referred to below as Miss Walker's favoured suitor may have been the same person who was connected with Covent Garden Theatre, and who is mentioned in a letter to Patmore as having power to give or get tickets of admission. In one place the name, sometimes indicated by the initial, and in others obliterated, has been left intact, and appears to be *Tomkins*. Besides the *Mr. F.*, a plain *F.* occurs in one place—whether another lodger, is not at all clear; but he was evidently a curious character. The alphabet was capable of yielding a different initial, more especially as Mr. F. is occasionally introduced without a prefix.

I have stated that Sarah Walker married

well, like her sister Mrs. Roscoe, although neither soared so high as that other tailor's daughter, Nancy Parsons, who, after being the Duke of Grafton's mistress, became Viscountess Maynard.

The MS. commences without any title at the top of the first leaf. The asterisks denote unreadable words or passages, the character of the writing resembling shorthand and only my familiarity with it has enabled me to decipher as much as I have done.

LIBER AMORIS. PART II.

LIBER AMORIS

PART II

March 4. [1821.]—Mr. F. goes to Mr. G. S[outhampton] B[uildings] at my request to see the lodgings. Sees Mrs. W[alker,] who is very communicative—says there is no one but herself *& her daughter*—her eldest daughter married one of the Mr. Roscoes of Liverpool—Gentlemen generally staid there 2 or 3 years—the gentleman that last occupied the front room staid there three years—a Mr. Crombie (no, the person that occupied it was a Mr. Tomkins, who did not stay there quite so long). She concluded Mr. F. from the country & let the front-room, second floor, to him at 15s. a week. The back-room (my poor room) was empty at 14s. a week.

March 5.—Goes. Is introduced into the back-parlour—meets Miss shawl'd and bonnetted going out to meet Tomkins. Mr. W. has my name up as having lodged there & says that except when I am at Salisbury, I lodge there

still—speaks of the quantity of money I got by my writings, & of several presents I had given her daughter.

She returns, & takes off her bonnet & shawl, throws them down on Mr. F.'s great-coat which he had put in a chair. This is her first move, this putting these little matters together & mingling persons by proxy. She then went out & gave one of her set looks at the door.

March 6.—The next morning she comes up to light his fire, & he wanting his pantaloons brushed, she comes to take them out of his hands, as he gives them to her at the door. She is not dressed to wait at breakfast, but is very gracious & smiling, & repulses a kiss very gently. She afterwards expressly forgives this freedom, & is backwards & forwards all day. On his asking for a newspaper or a book, she brings him up the *Round Table*, with my name & sincere regards written on the title-page.

March 7.—This morning she is dressed to wait on the gentlemen. The day before it was too early. Nothing occurs, but she regularly answers the bell, yet does not bring up the things that are wanted, smirks & backs out of the room in her wonted manner. A circumstance happens decisive of her lying character. Mr. F., going into the parlour for his umbrella,

met her going out to meet Tomkins, her mother repeating the old cant, that it was too late to go to Mr. Roscoe's. She, however, went, & her father after her, probably to watch & entrap Tomkins. But F., going upstairs again, found Betsy in the room, and on telling her the bed was not made, she said her sister told her it was, but not turned down. This was no doubt a lie, to leave the job to her, & be there on his return

At night Miss was gone to bed, & on being asked next morning, whether she did not retire sooner than usual, said "she sometimes went to bed earlier & sometimes later." This was just like one of her commonplace answers on all occasions. Mr. F. went down for a glass of water, & the brother (Cajah, as they call him) was there. He observed Mr. H. always drank water, & they didn't like it at the Southampton Arms. He continued, "I was rather an odd man, a little flighty," he believed, & added smiling, "I was in love." F. did not ask with whom, but said the manner and tone convinced him more than any thing that the whole was a regularly understood thing, & that there was nothing singular in gentlemen's being *in love* in that house.

March 8, Saturday.—Mr. F. got a paper, &

lent it to the Father to read. Saw Miss several times. In the evening pressed her to take tea, which she declined, but he followed her to the door, & kissed her several times on the staircase, at which she laughed. While this passed, he had hold of one hand, & the other was at liberty; but she did not once attempt to raise it so as to make even a show of resistance. This is what she calls "being determined to keep every lodger at a proper distance." Her aunt must know that she has not stuck to her advice.

March 9.—Miss was in close conference with Tomkins at a landing just opposite her own door. I wondered what divine music he poured into her ear, to which my words were harsh discord. What, I thought, would I not give to hear those words of that honeyed breath that sinks into her heart, that I might despair, & feel how just has been her preference! The next morning sure enough I had a specimen of this sort of conversation, "to which her ear she seriously inclines." Not T.'s, but any man's. F. insisted on her drinking tea with him, declaring he would not sit alone, that he was not used to that sort of thing; and that if she did not stay, he would not have any tea at all, & would take his hat, & walk out. By that terrible threat she was awed; she did not "shew an

independent spirit," & let the gentleman go, but said if she *must* stop, she would sit on the chair next the door instead of the one next to him. Wonderful delicacy! F. then got up, & shut the door, that she might not be exposed to the draught, & Emma, who was waiting on the stairs, went down to announce this new arrangement. "Sarah, they all knew, never staid five minutes with any lodger but me." She then poured out the tea, & the talk commenced.

F. asked her which of the Essays in the *Round Table* was a favourite with her, to which she seemed at a loss for an answer. He said he thought that on Methodism was a good one, & asked what she thought of the remark that "David was the first Methodist"?

She laughed, & said, "Mr. H. was full of his remarks."

F. answered, "Did she mean on the ladies?"

"No—Mr. H. thought very little about the ladies—indeed she believed he cared very little about them."

F. "In a prose writer this was not so necessary; but a poet could hardly do without them. What did she think of Mr. Moore's *Loves of the Angels?*"

She thought it impious to make angels fall in love with women.

"Had she any of Lord Byron's works?"

She had read *Cain*, which she thought very fine (I think I know which part).

"Had she read *Don Juan?*" "No; for her sister said it was impious."

F. repeated the word *Impious*, and laughed, at which she laughed.

"Had Mr. F. read any of Mr. Procter's poetry?"

He could not say; on which she explained *Mr. Barry Cornwall.*

"Oh yes; had she?"

"Yes; she had *Marcian Colonna* & *Mirandola*, & had seen *Mirandola*. Mr. Procter was a particular friend of Mr. Hazlitt's, & had very gentle & pleasing manners. Miss Foote played Isidore, when she saw it; she was a pretty girl, but no actress. She liked Miss Stephens as a singer; her voice was very clear & good; but her acting was deficient."

"Did she like going to the play?" "She was fond of tragedy, but did not think comedy worth going to see. She had not been to Drury Lane."—

This was a hint that she should like to go. We shall see.

And so she cackled on with her new gallant, T. being in the street with her every night & I

in hell for this grinning, chattering idiot. F. said he is sure she is quite incapable of understanding any real . . . , & shut up her lips with me for fear of being found out for what she is, a little mawkish simpleton . . . . but it was more stupidity than unkindness.

She rose to go in about ten minutes, & then, being pressed, sat down again for another quarter of an hour; & then said she must go to her sister's to take home the child. F. kissed her & let her go. I thought no lodger but me was ever to kiss her again but T.

The next morning she came up to answer the call, but being in her bed-gown would not come in, but ran up with the breakfast things in ten minutes, drest all in her best. . . . decoy! Damn'd, treble damn'd idiot! when shall I burn her out of my thoughts?—yet I like to hear about her—that she had her bed-gown or her ruff on, that she stood, or sat, or made some insipid remark, is to me a [blessing?] from Heaven—to know that she is a [? nane] or an idiot is better than nothing. Were I in Hell, my only consolation would be to hear of her. In Heaven to see her would be my only comfort.

March 10.—In the evening Betsey waited at tea, her sister, she said, being busy. Mr. F.

went down afterwards, & sat with the family in the back parlour, first opposite to her & then next to her. She said little, but laughed and smiled, & seemed quite at her ease.

Oh low life! God deliver me from thee! This was with a person, a perfect stranger to her, & whose only introduction was that he obtruded himself upon her & her friends without ceremony & without respect under the pretext that he was too dull to sit alone. Tomkins, a lover of a different stamp, will . . . be seen with her, or come near the house, so that she reconciles the familiar & the distant—all but true regard, which requires a return, which she cannot feel. Me, poor tortured worm, she rejected on this account. I asked F. how she looked. He said "she had more flesh on her bones than her mother."

On rising to go upstairs he saw three books piled on the drawing [room-table?], & on going towards them, Mrs. W. said they were the books he had asked Sarah to lend him, one of mine & two of Procter's. He was going to take them, but said he thought he had better not, as he wanted a good night's rest, & they might prevent him. Mrs. W. acceded [to] this, intending her daughter to bring them up in the morning.

March 11.—She came up with the books

drest. F. asked her to point out a passage in *Marcian Colonna*, which she liked. She declined this, & said she admired the whole. She in fact, I daresay, had not read a word of it. He then read some of it, & on her coming up again pretended it was so . . . it had made him sentimental & melancholy, so that he should be obliged to turn to Mr. Sterne. He then said he would look at *Mirandola*, but he was afraid of venturing on a tragedy, so hoped Miss could point out a passage. So she took the book, and turning to the place, where there was the description of herself, said, "This was Mr H.'s favourite passage." . . . F. said he could hardly believe his eyes, when he saw it.

[He] said, "he thought it very pretty," but could not reconcile what she said of its [being] my favourite passage with her declaring the day before that I cared very little about the ladies, as it was all about love."

She hesitated a little, and then repeated, "but [? I] don't think I did," adding, "I don't think Mr. H.'s love lasts long." Incomparable piece of clockwork! To suppose that any one could . . . in her beforehand is ridiculous. She is not good or bad: she is defective in certain faculties that belong to human nature, & acts upon others, because you can make no impres-

sion on her. F. says he thinks it would b impossible to offer her rudeness, if she did no seem beforehand what she was. "Being a thing majestical, it were a violence, &c." He kissed her heartily, & put his arms round her neck.

In the evening she brought up the tea things but said significantly she couldnt stay then, as there was nobody in the house but her father. He came to me, & found she was gone out to get M. some coffee, that is, to meet Tomkins. If she has two, why not three? Her sister was sitting downstairs with the child, when Mr. F. bolted into the room for his umbrella, & as she had her back to him, he mistook her for Mrs. W., & said, "How do you do, Ma'am?" She seemed a little dissatisfied at such familiarity, but the other said, "It's only my sister."

Mrs. Roscoe was doubtless ashamed & hurt after the blow-up with me on account of her attachment to Tomkins.

March 12—The little idiot came up with the breakfast, drest as usual, or (rather) varied that is, she had a cap on & a shawl which I gave her. F. had got his *Marcian Colonna* lying on the chair beside him, & when she came in, read her some lines, & asked if she remembered them. "No; but she had the whole." He

then asked her to look at them, and for that purpose she came round the table to his side, & on his asking her, she sat down. After looking them over, the book was laid aside.
* * * * * * * *

He told her she would make a pretty nun. That, she said, she never should be. She was not made to be shut up. F. asked her, if she ever went out, & she said, "very seldom, & only in the neighbourhood to see her sister." In the afternoon this conversation was renewed in the parlour downstairs, while he [? lay] in bed in the inner room, & she was mending a stocking; & she then declared she did not like to be confined to the conversation of . . . . though she believed the nuns had leave to talk to their confessors. F. observed that one confessor was hardly enough for fifty or sixty nuns. "No?" "If," he said, "there was a confessor for every nun?" "That indeed!" said the lady of individual attachments. (Half a dozen would be nothing.) F. then asked her to go to the play. She said she was afraid her mother would object to her going with a stranger. "Phoo! nonsense! that was nothing: she really must go. She should have her choice of any part of the house except the one shilling gallery. She said her ambition was not so high as that;

no, her ambition was not so high, & [she] laughed at this as an excellent jest. But any part of the boxes: I am exculpated by all this.

He thought at first she would not talk, but now he was convinced she could not.

* * * * * * * *

F., speaking of Mr. F., said he seemed out of sorts the other evening. She said Mr. F. knew his ill-humour had no effect on her, and added, "We have not had the pleasure of seeing you in an ill-humour yet." F. answered, "Suppose I was to give you a specimen." She said, "I hope not, till I give you cause." Mr. F., hearing F. above-stairs, called out, "Who's that?" F. said, "[me,] Sir," on which the other replied gruffly, "Oh, 'twas not you I wanted to see, but somebody else."

* * * * * * * *

March 14.—The mild F. is already, I think, in force with her, & thinks she likes him, & I shan't be able to get her to move. She didn't go to the play the other night. Yesterday he says he could make nothing of her. They had a parley in the evening. She did not come up with the tea things, but, on ringing afterwards, she answered the bell. She wouldn't come in. She could hear where she was. F. got up, & sat near her. He began to say he

was sorry he staid out at night, & was afraid she thought him . . . . She said she was not his keeper. [Mr. F. suggested that he wanted some one to love him, and that they might keep company]. She asked if he thought it would be proper. "Oh!" he said, "hang propriety." "What," she said, "you wouldn't hang propriety?" She half hangs it and cuts it down again. "Would it be seemly?" "Oh," he said, "as to seemly, there was nobody to see them but themselves." While this negociation was going on, she kept on his lap all the time, & at last said she must go now. But she would come & sit with him, when they were gone to bed? She made no promises; & so it stands.

Saturday, March 15.—She did not come up in the morning; and nothing was done; but that, as she put down the curtains at night, he kissed her; . . . . She only said, "Let me go, Sir," and retiring to the door, asked if he would have the fire lighted. She didn't come up again. She was altered in her manner, & probably trying to make something.

* * * * * * * *

March 16.—[F.] saw nothing of her in the morning, but asked her to tea—[she] answered "she never drank tea with gentlemen," and was high. F. was in despair, when, returning home

at dusk, he met my lady with her muff [? walking] along Lincoln's Inn Fields by herself. He saw [her] turn at the corner of Queen Street to go down toward the New Inn. Followed her—asked to accompany—she refused—and on his offering to take her arm, stood stock still, immoveable, inflexible—like herself—& on his saying he wouldn't press her, & offering his hand, she gave it him, & then went on to her lover. I also am her lover, & will live and die for her only, since she can be true to any one.

We seem to be unacquainted with the closing scene or stage of this small drama. When the volume known as the *Liber Amoris* was published, the hallucination was apparently dissipated; the passion had spent itself; and the poor, weak little book merely fulfilled the humble function of turning the incident to a practical account.

The committal of the story to print is, no doubt, regrettable; but it helped, I think, to liberate Hazlitt from the incubus and the unworthy thraldom. He soon regained his mental equilibrium, and I need hardly say that he

lived to produce some of his finest and healthiest work.

The date at which the *Liber Amoris* saw the light was one when the air was unusually redolent of powder. The warfare between the two literary camps was particularly keen and bitter. The fatal duel between Scott and Lockhart in 1821 had not tended to moderate the language of Blackwood. The incisive note of Hazlitt to Cadell in 1823, first recovered and printed by me, shews that the virulence of party spirit was unabated. It must have been in the ensuing year that Hazlitt appeared for the first and last time as a writer of verse, and sent from Vevey, in Switzerland, for insertion in the *Morning Chronicle* or *Examiner*, the metrical squib, which is worth insertion as a curiosity.

The following short note accompanies the lines in the original:—"Dear Black, will you insert this, or hand it over to J. Hunt? Yours ever, W. H. I shall be at home in about a month. I have been to Chamouny. Vevey,

August 31st." But the communication is addressed outside the sheet to Thomas Hodgkin, Esq., 16, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London, which is partly struck through, and No. 5, Brunswick Terrace, White Conduit Street, Pentonvill, substituted. In the left hand corner is: Affranchi jusqu' à Calais.

THE DAMNED AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS REVIEWERS.

The rock I'm told on which I split
Is bad economy of wit—
An affectation to be thought
That which I am & yet am not,
Deep, brilliant, new, & all the rest:
Help, help, thou great economist
Of what thou ne'er thyself possest,
Of financiers the ruthless Moloch,
Dry, plodding, husky, stiff Maculloch!
Or to avoid the consequences
I may incur from corporate dunces,
I'll write as Allen writes the livelong day;
Whate'er his Lordship says, I'll say—
(To hint what ne'er was said before
Is but to be set down a *bore*
By all the learned Whigs and Dames

Who fear you should out-write Sir James)—
I'll swear that every strutting elf
Is just what he conceives himself,
Or draws his picture to his life
As all the world would—and *his wife*!
From Mackintosh I'll nature learn,
With Sydney Smith false glitter spurn;
Lend me, oh! Brougham, thy modesty,
Thou, Thomas Moore, simplicity;
Mill, scorn of juggling politics;
Thy soul of candour, Chevenix;
And last, to make my measure full,
Teach me, great J——v, to be dull!

At the time the writer was intent on other literary work of a more congenial and permanent cast. His *Sketches of the Picture Galleries*, partly republished from the *London Magazine*, appeared in 1824, and may help to account for his inquiry from an anonymous correspondent as to the whereabouts of a certain painting:—

[1823?]

Dear Sir,—I will be much obliged to you if you will let me know the name & subject of Guerin's picture at Lucien Buonaparte's.

Yours truly,

W. HAZLITT.

A PACKET OF NEW LAMB NOTES AND VERSES

A PACKET OF NEW LAMB NOTES AND VERSES

Let us once more return to Lamb. Here is a note from him, in the Dalston days, to a correspondent who had just published a volume of stories, about which the recipient, as usual, tries to say something acceptable.

[Dalston, 1820 (?)]

To ———

Dear Sir,—I have received a volume of bright little stories, which I do not know or have heard, but guess to be yours. Whosever they are, both myself & Mary have been much pleased with them. The style is many times original & uncommon, rich stuff that would have beat out & spread over a much greater space if the author had not disdained economy. We are at Dalston at present, but I shall hope to see you ere long, to renew acquaint^ce. The fact is I am

not strong enough for visiting.—Edward and Edmond, and the last tale of all are the favourites.

C. LAMB.

The subjoined note, without any indication of the person to whom it was addressed, may refer to a proposed meeting between Lamb and John Howard Payne, the American dramatist, of whom Lamb heard or saw a good deal in 1822-23.

To ———

[6 May, 1823.][1]

Dear Sir,—I am coming to town on Thursday to meet a friend from Paris, or I should gladly have accepted your invitation. I will take my chance of seeing you as I go to office to-morrow morning. I shall previously have breakfasted.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Tuesday.

A letter to an hitherto unknown India House colleague and correspondent is of some interest, as it furnishes the recipient with literary advice and ourselves with a better notion of Lamb's

[1] The date is in the hand of the recipient.

views of the periodical literature of his day, about which Mr. Marter's communication had apparently solicited light. The accompanying "Sonnet" must be taken for what it is worth.

To W. Marter.

Dear Marter,—I have just rec^{d} your letter, having returned from a month's holydays. My exertions for the London are, tho' not dead, in a dead sleep for the present. If your club like scandal, Blackwood's is your magazine; if you prefer light articles, and humorous without offence, the New Monthly is very amusing. The best of it is by Horace Smith, the author of the Rejected Addresses. The Old Monthly has more of matter, information, but not so merry. I cannot safely recommend any others, as not knowing them, or knowing them to their disadvantage. Of Reviews, beside what you mention, I know of none except the Review on Hounslow Heath, which I take it is too expensive for your ordering. Pity me, that have been a Gentleman these four weeks, and am reduced in one day to the state of a ready writer. I feel, I feel my gentlemanly qualities fast oozing away—such as a sense of honour,

neckcloths twice a day, abstinence from swearing, &c. The desk enters into my soul.

See my thoughts on business next Page.

SONNET.[1]

Who first invented work?—and bound the free
And holyday-rejoicing Spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of Business in the green fields, and the Town—
To plough, loom, spade, and (oh most sad!)
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! He, who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from whence are no returnings;
Where toiling & turmoiling ever & aye
He and his Thoughts keep pensive worky-day.

With many recollections of pleasanter times, my old compeer, happily released before me, Adieu.

C. LAMB

E. I. H.
19 July, [1824.][2]

[1] Comp. *The Lambs*, 1897, p. 152.

[2] The year is supplied by the post-mark. Endorsed: W. Marter, Esqre, Nockholt, near Seven Oaks, Kent.

The whole interest of the subjoined scrap lies in the two-fold fact that it is the only relic of the kind to an intimate official acquaintance, and appears to indicate to what department of the India House Evans belonged. His entrance on the India House staff is noted in a letter to Coleridge of 1796. There the writer tells his correspondent that his then new colleague belonged to a branch of the family, which he used to know; but a gentleman of the same name, and a Cambro-Briton, was, in Lamb's short stay at the South Sea House, cashier there, and was, from Lamb's account in his paper on the subject, a person of literary and antiquarian tastes. As in the letter to Coleridge Lamb's colleague at the India House is described as "young Evans," he may have been a son of the other; and the cashier may have been the collector of the valuable illustrated Byron now in the British Museum. Was this family related to the Rev. Mr. Evans of Tavistock, where Hazlitt's son (my father) was at school in 1824? Compare

The Lambs, 1897, p. 35, where a John Evans of Montgomeryshire is mentioned as a Blue-Coat boy about Lamb's time—perhaps another son of him of the South Sea House.

To W. Evans.

[Before 1825.]

Dr E.—The enclosed (from Barry Cornwall) is yours.

C. Lamb.

W. Evans, Esq.,
Baggage Warehouse.

The three next communications are to Hone (about the *Extracts from the Garrick Plays*), Basil Montagu, and a third party unnamed. The latter two belong to a class of letter, to which Lamb had a rather special dislike, as he even went out of his way, and would incur personal expense, to avoid asking favours from friends.

I am not sure whether it is generally known that Hone's daughter Matilda, whose name occurs more than once in the later correspondence, married Mr. J. S. Burn, the theatrical bookseller in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and

the author of several interesting and valuable works. The *Fable* enclosed refers to one of Lamb's schoolfellows at Christ's Hospital.

To William Hone.

[1826.]

Dear Hone,—having occasion to write to Clarke I put in a bit to you. I see no Extracts in this N°. You should have three sets in hand, one long one in particular from Atreus and Thyestes, terribly fine. Don't spare 'em; with fragments, divided as you please, they'll hold out to Xmas. What I have to say is enjoined me most seriously to say to you by Moxon. Their country customers grieve at getting the Table Book so late. It is indispensable it should appear on Friday. Do it but *once*, & you'll never know the difference.

Fable.

A boy at my school, a cunning fox, for one penny ensured himself a hot roll & butter every morning for ever. Some favor'd ones were allowed a roll & butter to their breakfasts. He had none. But he bought one one morning. What did he do? he did not eat it. But cutting it in two, sold each one of the halves to

a half-breakfasted Blue Boy for *his* whole roll to-morrow. The next day he had a whole roll to eat, and two halves to swap with other two boys, who had eat their cake & were still not satiated, for whole ones to-morrow. So on ad infinitum. By one morning's abstinence he feasted seven years after.

Application.

Bring out the next No. on Friday, for country correspondents' sake. I[t] will be one piece of exertion, and you will go right ever after, for you will have just the time you had before, to bring it out ever after by the Friday.

You don't know the difference in getting a thing early. Your correspondents are your authors. You don't know how an author frets to know the world has got his contribution, when he finds it not on his breakfast table.

ONCE in this case is EVER without a grain of trouble afterwds.

I wont like you or speak to you if you dont try it once.

Yours, on that condition,

C. LAMB

To ———

Dear Sir,—I feel ashamed at this application to you. I have no right to make it. But I

feel I cannot resist it. I have a God Son, a Nephew, a very fine youth, who is out of employ. The establishment with which he was connected is suddenly broke up. He wants employment. If by your city interest you could introduce him into any Clerkly employment, how much I should feel obliged! I hate myself for asking a favour. I would not for myself. Pray, believe me that if this is not in your power, never shall I cease to love and respect you.

C. LAMB.

To Basil Montagu.

Dear B. M.,—You are a kind soul of yourself, and need no spurring, but if you can help a worthy man you will have *two worthy men* obliged to you. I am writing from Hone's possible Coffee House, which must answer, if he can find means to open it, which unfortunately flag—We propose a little subscription —but I know how tender a subject the pocket is—Your Advice may be important to him.

Yours most truly,

C. LAMB.

This is a letter of business, so I wont send unseasonable Love to Mrs Montague & the both good Proctors.

Some one connected with a periodical had applied to Lamb for his co-operation, and, the question of payment having arisen for articles supplied and printed, the author expressed himself dissatisfied with the amount sent. The present is a reply to a letter, in which the Editor or Publisher had apparently explained the circumstances.

To an Editor or Publisher.

Dear Sir,—I am quite ashamed, after your kind letter, of having expressed any disappointment about my remuneration. It is quite equivalent to the value of anything I have yet sent you. I had Twenty Guineas a sheet from the London, and what I did for them was more worth that sum than anything, I am afraid, I can now produce, would be worth the lesser sum. I used up all my best thoughts in that publication, and I do not like to go on writing worse & worse, & feeling that I do so. I want to try something else. However, if any subject turns up, which I think will do your Magazine no discredit, you shall have it at your price, or something between that and my old price. I

prefer writing to seeing you just now, for after such a letter as I have received from you, in truth I am ashamed to see you. We will never mention the thing again.

Your obliged friend & Servt.

June 14. C. LAMB.

There is a letter from Lamb to Cary, of April 3rd, 1826, inviting him to meet George Darley and Allan Cunningham at Enfield on the following Wednesday. But the present unprinted note (the only one known of its kind) refers to some gathering in town—possibly for the purpose of discussing the position of the Magazine, then very near its dissolution.

[About April, 1826.]

To Allan Cunningham.

Dear Sir,—Our friends of the Lond. M. meet at 20 Russell St., Cov. Gar., this evens at ¼ before 7. I shall be disappointed if you are not among them.

Yours,

With perfect sympathy,

C. LAMB.

Thursd.

In the *Four Generations of a Literary Family*, 1897, I have inserted two or three letters from Hazlitt to Clarke respecting the *Life of Napoléon*. Here we have a note, which does not touch business matters, evidently written from Winterslow. Buckingham was the founder of the *Athenæum*.

To Charles Cowden Clarke.

[Winterslow, early part of 1828.]

Dear Clarke,—Convey (the wise it call) the enclosed hare and Wiltshire bacon to the most agreeable of biographers at Highgate; & the other thumper & the article to the Editor of editors, J. S. Buckingham, Esq.

[W. H.][1]

Tell Henry[2] if he has a sweet tooth that way to detain the hogs-flesh.

A rather interesting letter to Hazlitt's son refers *inter alia* to a Life of the Essayist as already on the stocks—doubtless that which accompanied the *Literary Remains* in 1836 after

[1] The initials cut out.

[2] Henry Leigh Hunt, Clarke's partner.

Lamb's death. But no verses by him on his old friend seem to have been actually composed. They would have possessed a charm of their own.

To William Hazlitt, Jr.

[Postmarked Sept. 13, 1831.]

Dear Wm.—We have a sick house, Mrs. Westwds daughter in a fever, & Grandaughter in the meazles, & it is better to see no company just now, but in a week or two we shall be very glad to see you; come at a hazard then, on a week day if you can, because Sundays are stuffd up with friends on both parts of this great ill-mix'd family. Your second letter, dated 3d Septr, came not till Sundy & we staid at home in evens in expectation of seeing you. I have turned & twisted what you ask'd me to do in my head, & am obliged to say I can not undertake it—but as a composition for declining it, will you accept some verses which I meditate to be addrest to you on your father, & prefixable to your Life? Write me word that I may have 'em ready against I see you some 10 days hence, when I calculate the House will be uninfected. Send your mother's address.

If you are likely to be again at Cheshunt before that time, on second thoughts, drop in here, & consult—

Yours,
C. L.

Not a line is yet written—so say, if I shall do em.

[Endorsed]
W. Hazlitt, Esq.,
15, Wardour Street,
Soho.

A copy of verses by Lamb, referring to the daughters of Vincent Novello, is addressed:—

For
Saint Cecilia,
at Sign^r Vincenzo Novello's
Music Repository,
No. 67, Frith Street,
Soho.

THE SISTERS.

On Emma's honest brow we read display'd
The constant virtues of the Nut Brown Maid;
Mellifluous sounds on Clara's tongue we hear,
Notes that once lured a Seraph from his sphere;
Cecilia's eyes such winning beauties crown
As without song might draw *her* Angel down.

C. Lamb.

This effusion belongs to what may be termed the Novello epoch, but is posterior to that of November 8th, 1830, which I elsewhere erroneously describe as the last of the series, as this bears the Edmonton post-mark, and was probably written in 1833. To the very last Lamb continued to swell the stock of literary trifles, for which he was perpetually importuned by friends. The slender volume of *Album Verses*, 1830, had been already reinforced by as much matter again, dispersed up and down among friends and correspondents. The quality scarcely improved.

These later pieces of correspondence and versification, trivial as many of them are, were composed during years of comparative ease and tranquility, forming a potent contrast to those of hardship and trial, through which the writer passed at Christ's Hospital (as it was managed a century ago), and to the sordid misery of the paternal home. We can barely read with patience even now the descriptions embodied in the published Essays of the barbarous and

cruel scholastic discipline to which a sensitive and weakly boy, such as Lamb was, was subjected by the schoolmaster of the old type; and then, owing to domestic exigencies and his sister's dependence on him, he transferred himself from one scene of checkered existence to another. In estimating these minor effusions, of which so many have gradually come to light, while a large number has possibly perished, we need not envy the comfortable resources, the leisure hour, the gaiety or even levity here and there betrayed; they were, set against that school-day, office-desk, Little Queen Street retrospect, and that life-long sorrow and burden, as nothing. We can only wonder that even such a cheerful and recuperative temperament as Lamb's did not sooner yield to the ever-pressing load.

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